

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

JULY, 1929



Miriam
Sells
29.

"High Trails"

by

Mlice Dyar Russell

Stories
by

Mabel
Tyrrell

Kenneth
Payson
Kempton



Quickly, with her red and white flags under her arm, Edna started down the hill. Once, looking over her shoulder, she discovered that Helen Thomas was following her. A great wind swept out of the west and smoke streaked under the sky

Dot...
Dot...
Dash.
Dot...

EDNA JAMES had never been to camp before. There were many things she couldn't do as well as the other girls—many things she didn't understand. But she could swim, for she had been brought up at a coastguard station, and she could signal. And when an emergency came she thought clearly and used her flags swiftly.

Dot-dot-dash-dot—then more dots and dashes. She flashed the signal to Helen on the other hill in ten seconds and Helen promptly relayed the message along the beach.

Would help arrive in time?

Clarice Detzer tells in her exciting story in the August AMERICAN GIRL. Don't miss it!

“The American Girl” announces

for August

for September

A new Mary Ellen story in which she takes to water sports. You can imagine Mary Ellen in a canoe—and diving!

Alice Dyar Russell has written a story of the revolt of parents. You remember “The Strike at Dexter’s”? Well, this shows the other side of the same situation.

Are you tired of the way you’re fixing your hair? If so, Hazel Rawson Cades has some suggestions for you in her article.

“Red Coats and Blue”, our new serial, begins. This Revolutionary War story was written by an Englishwoman, Harriette R. Campbell, and was the judges’ second choice in The American Girl-Harper Prize Contest.

Jo Ann appears again—this time in a haunted house near Camp Minnedawa. And Tommy, of course, is nearby.

“Sorrel,” a new story about Nadine and the two Berts, and a special article about an interesting woman will be in the magazine, too.

Be sure you don’t miss our summer issues!

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Our Camera Contest



HAVE you dusted your camera and started taking pictures yet? Have you selected your best ones and started them off so that they will arrive in the vanguard at THE AMERICAN GIRL office? If you haven't, remember that August fifteenth is the date that the camera contest closes. Be sure to write on the back of your entries your name, age, address and—if you are a Girl Scout—your troop number as well.

Norman Tanner of New York City, an expert on photography, will judge your pictures. He has had a great deal of experience in handling photographs from all parts of the country, and we are very fortunate to have his help and his well-grounded judgement.

Naturally enough, the first prize is a camera, the handy pocket edition of a kodak.

The second prize is Wallace Nutting's excellent book on photography, full of suggestions for interesting pictures.

The third prize is a snapshot album in which to preserve all the beautiful pictures you have taken.

In addition to these prizes, everyone who sends a picture that is used in THE AMERICAN GIRL receives a book upon the publication of the picture.

We don't mind telling you that probably good pictures—of girls' activities at camp or at home—are especially interesting to us. Take your camera along when you are going to play any sort of game from croquet to tennis, and while you are at camp, see what amusing and interesting pictures you can take of your patrol mates. Take your camera with you when you go off on a ramble, and perhaps you might get a beautiful unexpected picture of a butterfly on a great Joe Pye weed, or a contented turtle sitting on the end of a log or even a rare picture of a bird.

Remember that you can enter as many pictures as you like, so when you are swimming or paddling your canoe, working in the garden or just taking a stroll, have your camera with you and get a picture of any lovely thing you see.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Well of All Things* has got fat and grown up to page 65, where it is waiting to see how you like it.

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A. G. 7

A Tribute to Augusta N. Rosenwald

THE Girl Scouts of the United States have suffered the loss of a staunch friend in the death of Mrs. Julius Rosenwald on May twenty-third. Mrs. Rosenwald was a Vice-President of the national organization for the past eight years, but her interest in Girl Scouting went back farther than that to a day in 1917 when she first became active in the movement. In Chicago, where she made her home, she was Honorary Commissioner of the Chicago and Cook County Girl Scout Council. She has been a member of the National Finance Committee since 1923 and worked untiringly and successfully as Campaign Director in Region VII during the Building and Budget Fund Appeal.

Mrs. Rosenwald believed in girls. She believed in them as citizens, as homemakers, and as individuals. And she believed in Girl Scouting as a means of training girls to become better citizens, better homemakers and better individuals, and because it provides the sort of good times that most girls enjoy. For learning how to do anything well, whether it be basketmaking, cooking, or pioneer camping, is fun, and Girl Scouts the world over are all known to make a point of doing things well.

Camping was one of her special interests.



"Just to see a big camp in action," she said, "increases my confidence in the future American woman. Here you dress right, eat right, play right and know a precious and normal and joyous experience. Here gather some of the picked girls of America, fellowship and kindness the social motive and 'preparedness' their personal motto.

"I am greatly impressed with the friendliness and democracy of the Girl Scouts. Their code directly contributes to these essentials. Democracy, equity and self-control are underlying principles of Girl Scouting."

Mrs. Rosenwald was a person of noble ideals whose far-sighted vision and human understanding made her a courageous pioneer. Her faith and belief in the Girl Scout program, and her living of its fundamental principles in her every day life were an inspiration to all who knew her. She believed that a Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others, and her own life was devoted to being of service. She gave untiringly of herself, and the Girl Scouts feel her going to be a great loss. Mrs. Rosenwald leaves to the Girl Scouts a heritage of faith in the ideals, spiritual values of life, courage, generosity of purpose and devotion.

Stone Deeter Rippin

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The Hungry Heart

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

My heart, being hungry, feeds on food
The fat of heart despise.
Beauty where beauty never stood,
And sweet where no sweet lies
I gather to my querulous need,
Having a growing heart to feed.

It may be, when my heart is dull,
Having attained its girth,
I shall not find so beautiful
The meagre shapes of earth,
Nor linger in the rain to mark
The smell of tansy through the dark.

*From "The Harp Weaver and other Ballads"
published by Harper and Brothers, New York*



THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

July, 1929



Alice faced the old woman in the dim firelight, while the raven chattered idly from his mistress' shoulder

Alice Fiery Locks

By MABEL L. TYRRELL

Illustrations by Harve Stein

"ALICE! Drat the girl! Alice, I say! What do I feed and house and clothe you for? You shall eat bread and water till cock-crow tomorrow to teach you that beggars must work for their livings like the rest of us. Go make the butter, I say, you lazy gadabout!"

Mistress Goody Grant stood at the dairy door fuming with impatience. Her large, shining face, framed in a close-fitting linen cap tied securely under her chin gleamed

red as the setting sun in winter, and appeared out of place at seven o'clock on a bright warm morning. Mistress Goody Grant was formidably large and fat, and in common with most people of her proportions her bark was worse than her bite. Nevertheless she had a violent temper which the many restrictions of the times in which she lived did not in any way whatever tend to improve.

Her husband had long since been killed fighting for

his beloved Majesty, King Charles the First, and during the years when Oliver Cromwell had ruled England with an iron hand which stretched even to the decayed town of Winchelsea, Goody Grant had changed with the times, and most folk seeing her standing at her dairy door would have thought her a Roundhead. She was garbed in black, her ample skirt was turned up over a rough black petticoat, and the belt of her coarse brown sacking apron marked the place where her waist should have been. Goody Grant was a Sussex farmer.

"You lazy baggage, come here!" she cried, and surreptitiously she slipped three rings from her fingers and dropped them into a bag which hung from her belt. "Alice, I say!"

Across the cabbage field came a slender figure; even the old black cloak with which it was concealed could not hide the grace of its movements, and the only bit of color about it was something flashing fiery red from beneath a black hood.

"The sheep be on the marshes, mistress!" cried a gay young voice. "I went to drive them back, for surely Colonel Francombe—Master Francombe I should say—will be angry if our sheep go munching his grass 'Tis better than ours."

"Ours indeed!" shouted Goody Grant. "I'll learn you to know who those sheep belong to, Alice Lambard!"

And Goody Grant was up with her large rough hand ready to give her dairy maid a heavy clout, but as the girl halted before her she apparently changed her mind, and her thoughts veered off in another direction.

"You with your hair sticking out shamelessly like that!" she cried. "'Tis bad enough to have red hair—omen of bad luck to curse us in the morning—but to show it as you do be beyond all decency."

"'Tis the wind," murmured Alice, "and running so fast."

Mistress Goody Grant's hard finger poked the thick and gleaming hair back beneath the black hood, and with a rough movement she pushed the girl into the dairy.

"You stay there till I return from Winchelsea," she said. "This afternoon you'll take butter and cheese to Mother Jean. And no grumbles, mind. And there's another thing I want to tell you, Alice Fiery Locks. Don't you go loitering round Master Francombe's fields hoping that young Francombe be home from Dunkirk and expecting him to speak polite to you as he would to the quality. You be no lady, but my dairy maid, and the sooner you realize that the better. Remember that, Alice Fiery Locks."

Alice hung her head over a great pail of milk, and bit her lips to keep back the words which sprang to them. Goody Grant spoke the truth, and what right had a poor orphan to contradict her? Who, indeed, was Alice Lambard? The girl laughed, and flung off her cloak preparatory to making the butter.

She had nothing in the world she could call her own save her name, and of that she was exceedingly proud. The knowledge that she was the daughter of a long line of brave soldiers who had died on the battlefield fighting

for their King was an immense comfort to Alice, and caused her voice to ring out clearly, and her feet to step proudly. She could not remember her mother, for the gentle lady had died when Alice was a baby, but her father lived in her mind as a splendid figure, clad in green silk with great bows of ribbon about his knees, and points of lace at his throat and wrists. Colonel Lambard had been killed fighting for Prince Charles, and as his house and lands had been confiscated by the Commonwealth, little red-headed Alice was left penniless and

alone. She was ten years old at the time, and what to do with her nobody knew. The old families were scattered, and Mrs. Francombe, the only lady in the neighborhood at that moment, was obliged to join her husband who was in hiding in France, and leave her son Geoffrey, a lad of fifteen, to hold his father's lands till his return. Therefore she could do nothing for Alice. To the amazement of everybody, Goody Grant came forward and took the little girl back to her farm where Alice had lived for six years.

As she skimmed the cream from the milk Alice looked at her reflection in the great brass Norman milk jug which somebody had brought from across the water—there was always much intercourse between Winchelsea and France. She could not discern the coral pinkness of her cheeks, but she beheld a pale gold oval face set in a black frame without a hair showing



"I'll horsewhip you," he shouted at her, "for thieving in my fields"

on forehead or cheek, large eyes wide apart, a straight nose and a firm mouth. Quickly she pulled a little bunch of curls from behind either ear, and screwed her mouth up tightly, vainly hoping that one day it would shrink into the little rosebud shape which she much admired.

Most of the great ladies whom she caught sight of traveling up to London by road had rose-bud mouths, and although many of them exhibited strangely green complexions after that horrible crossing from France, some had so far recovered as to pull a little hair from under their embroidered linen caps, and the young ones—Goody Grant declared they were shamelessly immodest—often wore their large, high-crowned hats at a slightly rakish angle. But then they were on Prince Charles' side—it seemed to Alice that all travelers were, and she thought it very pleasant to see a smiling face rather than the hard, gloomy ones such as the Roundheads and Puritans thought it necessary to assume.

Well, Alice Lambard was on Prince Charles' side, and if she ever saw him she would throw herself in the dust at his horses' feet, and even if they ducked her in the witch pond she would cry out loud and strong, "Long live King Charles the Second!" Ah, then her father would not have died in vain!

"I am no Puritan!" she said between her teeth. "Neither is Goody Grant for all her somber dresses, and the turning up of her eyes, and her professed loyalty to the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth!"

Although they had never mentioned it one to the other, that was the bond between Alice and her mistress; that knowledge had induced Goody to give Alice a red and brown striped petticoat for her sixteenth birthday, and several yards of red braid to sew round the sleeves of her brown bodice. Even when she was in one of her worst tempers the secret bond prevented Goody from carrying out the threats which she hurled at Alice—and Alice knew it.

"I'll wear my new petticoat when I go up with the butter this afternoon to Mother Jean's," thought the girl, looking at her cumbersome black garments distastefully.

But the thought of Mother Jean brought a cloud to her face, and she sighed. Not that she believed all the things that were said about the old woman, but it troubled her to think that, because she was an orphan living on the charity of Mistress Goody Grant, people used her for doing things which they would not do themselves. Goody Grant would not carry butter to Mother Jean because she believed her to be a witch, neither would the men take her wood, nor did anyone eat bread in her house for fear of being bewitched, but Alice was expected to do as she was bid and, if she rebelled, her own red hair came into question; and then

she was silent, for it was the persistent bane of her life.

She wondered whether Mother Jean could change her hair to gold or brown. Then the wickedness of her thoughts caused her face to blanch and her heart to beat, for to ask advice of a witch was against the laws of Church and State and a sin in the eyes of the Almighty.

"Mercy me!" she muttered, "surely the spirits have got into the dairy and are tempting me."

She had heard that evil spirits frequented dairies, and often bewitched good, harmless maidens unless they were provided with a charm to resist them, but Alice had no money to buy charms, therefore she was obliged to fight the spirits with sound common sense.

"Mistress Goody wears three rings on her fingers when she is in the dairy," thought Alice, "but how can the rings keep the spirits away? Maybe there are none here at all, and surely the Lord will protect me better than three rings."

To keep her mind free from the hobgoblins, Alice tried to think of other things during that long morning, and her thoughts turned to Geoffrey Francombe, the old playmate whom she had not seen for four years. Alice was angry with Geoffrey Francombe. Maybe he would not speak politely to her now but, before giving him the chance, she would most certainly toss her head at him, and turn her back upon him. Geoffrey had gone to Dunkirk as secretary to one of Cromwell's partisans, and that Alice could never forgive. After his father had fought so bravely for the Prince, too! But there—the Colonel had renounced the just cause to keep his lands, hung his sword upon the wall, and taken to farming. Alice's face flushed with wrath and indignation, and she flounced about in the dairy, feeling that she would fight hobgoblins, witches, anything—for the King's sake.

"Alice!" exclaimed Mistress Grant, entering the dairy at that moment, "are you bewitched, Alice Lambard?"

"Nay!" cried the girl. "Tis but the fire of my love for my country burning me like a flame! What will become of us? Oliver Cromwell is dead, his poor son has resigned the Protectorate, and we drift like a ship without a rudder.

Whither do we go? Ah! had I but the courage of the Maid of Orleans, I would sail across the water, and on my knees I would beg the King to return to his own."

"The child is demented, bewitched," whispered Mistress Grant. "Silence, Alice. What have you heard? Who has told you the news?"

"News?" asked Alice. "Is there news? Tell me Mistress, I beseech you! I have heard nought."

"I am sore affrighted," murmured Mistress Grant seating herself upon a wooden stool. "I be nought but a lump of jelly. The King has sent a letter to the House of Commons, and when it was read all the members cried aloud 'Long live King Charles the Second!'"

"I cannot believe it," gasped Alice, clasping her hands to her heart. "Who told you?"

"Mother Jean. She waylaid me by the church and within the hallowed acre she told me that she had seen it all reflected in a pail of water."

Alice clapped her hand over her mouth to prevent herself from screaming, and Goody Grant leaned forward,

(Continued on page 46)



Master, I was but gathering dandelions for a salad," murmured Alice softly



There is nothing to do but look pleasant when your ball is carried away from the wicket

Croquet Comes Back Again

This favorite of the "elegant eighties" has rolled back to popularity and its possibilities as a game of real skill and enjoyment have been re-discovered

By MABEL TRAVIS WOOD

Illustrations by Helen E. Hokinson

JESSICA explained it to me. At the sight of her strolling down Main Street with a croquet mallet in her hand, I felt, as the detective stories put it, baffled and mystified. For Jessica is a modern young person in a sun-tan frock. She plays good golf and tennis, swims like a mermaid and drives the family car—when she can get it—with considerable speed and dexterity.

"Why the mallet?" I asked. "Are you going in for polo?"

"No, Kate's having a croquet tournament," she answered, "and I don't trust any mallet except my own. Otherwise Tom Jennings would be sure to whitewash me."

"Croquet! Honestly, Jessica?"

She grinned and nodded. "I'm getting pretty good."

"And do you mean to say boys play it, too?"

"Why not?" Jessica retorted. "Tom says it can be as scientific as billiards. Won't you come over? I think the finals will be quite exciting."

I couldn't go then, but later I inquired into this croquet vogue. It seems that most of the high school crowd in our town are playing it. Of course, it hasn't replaced the other sports. But the girls—and sometimes the boys—are spending at croquet a lot of the hours they would ordinarily spend just sitting around, engaged in what Jessica calls "tossing gay repartee."

The repartee goes as well, generally even better, to the click of the mallets, she pointed out. "When we're having a match game, though, nobody says much. We play on like grim death. But we've had to set a thirty-second limit on the time a player can take to aim. Carol Blane would stand there and ponder a half hour. Really, we have some wonderful games. You don't know how much fun it can be!"

Oh, don't I? Ten years or so ago we used to play all summer at the farm. But we excused ourselves on the ground that there was no tennis court and we had to do something. Back in town, we kept our prowess a dark secret, for the sporting set sneered at croquet. All right for children, or people too old for more active games. But if a girl over twelve confessed she liked croquet, she was in danger of being classed with those old-fashioned heroines who were pale and languid and fainted on the slightest provocation. One might as well appear on Main Street wearing a hoopskirt as bearing a croquet mallet. After passing the age of childhood, she just had to wait

until gray hairs overtook her before she could push a ball through a wicket openly and not expect to meet with ridicule.

I think the reason girls ten years ago wouldn't confess a liking for the decorous game that Mother played in her girlhood was because they were only beginning to win their spurs at the more strenuous outdoor sports. Men's games had not been open to women long and we had our athletic reputation to make, but today it's taken for granted that girls can swim and throw, ride and play hockey and even pilot planes. So if they want to go in for croquet, nobody snickers.

In fact, nobody snickers at croquet anyway, now. For during the last few years, the game has made an interesting come-back. Not only are the younger people taking it up, but the older ones who used to play it have helped to revive the favorite of their youth. Country clubs are putting in croquet courts along with their golf links and tennis courts. In city parks and playgrounds from Maine to California, they are playing croquet and a form of the game called "roque," which, with its narrow wickets, is more difficult.

A group of well-known artists and writers have adapted croquet as the chief diversion in their summer colony and are enthusiastic about it. And the other day a smart shop in New York, advertising some new sports dresses, pictured one of the models with a tennis racquet, another with a golf club, and a third with nothing other than a croquet mallet in plain view. Which seems to be the final proof that the game is in fashion.

You can't keep a good game down. And there



At least one moment in every tournament finds the contestants on their knees carefully leveling the ruler

are reasons why years of poking fun at it haven't killed croquet. No longer do we play the game for exercise, though it does give mild exercise of a sort that is beneficial. But we do see that it calls for good judgment and strategy, that it gives some fine opportunities for team work and has a really sporting quality. Croquet does not require expensive equipment or a great deal of space. It may be continued for as long or as short a time as the players please, and if something interferes with a game, they can carry on later from where they left off.

Another point in its favor is that no special sort of clothes is required. Of course, sports clothes are most suitable, but the game could be played at a garden party without rumpling the organ-dies and chiffons. Think of the trailing skirts in which it used to be played! In one of the novels of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which we found in the attic recently, was a picture of what the girl of the eighties wore for a croquet tournament. She had a bustle and a high collar and a jaunty little hat with a cock's feather perched above her ear. Lightly upon her ball she had placed a foot of unbelievable tiny-ness, which was shod in a high boot with a tasseled top.

Compared with some other games, which can be traced back to Greek and Roman days, croquet is not such an old-timer. No one knows just where it originated. "We've had to set a time limit on taking aim. Carol Blane would ponder half an hour" though France is suspected on account of the name. It may have come from the French game of *paille-maille* which was played with mallets, balls and hoops as far back as the thirteenth century. The game of polo was also derived from this. In 1868 a croquet club was formed in England and began to hold annual contests at Wimbledon. Soon the game was brought to America, where it sprang into wide popularity in the days just after the Civil War. One of the first references to it in books was in Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women*.

As the first thing to consider when you plan to take up croquet is the ground and the equipment, we'll talk about that first. Experts say to buy the very best you can afford. This is cheapest in the long run. Balls of hard rubber are being used more and more, but for the ordinary game a well-made wooden ball will serve. It is a good idea to have one end of the mallet equipped with soft rubber, which allows certain shots to be made more easily.

For beginners, the wickets should be at least four inches wide. Drive them firmly into the ground, leaving tops about ten inches high. Blocks are sometimes used to make the wickets steadier. If the wickets are painted white, or wound with white tape, they are more easily seen. This is particularly helpful for after-supper games

which continue into the twilight. Also, it may prevent father, the grocery boy, or possibly yourself, from commenting harshly upon the game while taking a shortcut across the lawn.

The regulation court is sixty feet long and thirty feet wide, but a space quite a lot smaller than this will do. Though dirt or clay courts permit a more scientific game, most of us will use the grass court. The lawn should be level and kept closely cut and rolled. Don't be discouraged if the yard boasts a hillock or gully that can't be removed. Obstacles have been known to add zest to the play.

The plan for laying out the wickets and playing the game can be found in the booklets of rules which come with any good set. From sporting goods companies you can get handbooks on croquet which give the rules and penalties in great detail.

When I interviewed Jessica and Kate on the subject of how croquet is played nowadays, they said the rules are the same as they used to follow when they were small. Probably almost all of you have played more or less and know the general idea. But we were apt to be a little careless about the finer points in those childhood games. And now, Kate insists, it is the thing to take your croquet as seriously as any other sport, to study the technique and work out for yourself an individual style.

The two general types of games are the defensive and the offensive. Some people do better to play a defensive game, not taking many chances and trying for steady, if not brilliant, progress. Others play their best when they are making their opponent work hard to win. Of course, if every player kept on the defensive, there wouldn't be much fun.

Tennis calls for instant action and quick response to counterplay. Croquet is a more deliberate battle of wits. A good game demands thinking ahead, or what some sporting writers call "generalship". Work with the head is more than half the battle, but the most cleverly planned campaign would come to naught without hand and eye work, which means accuracy in hitting balls.

There is no set rule for "stance" or position in striking the ball, as there is in golf. Some think that the best position is with the feet slightly apart, making the stroke with an easy side-arm swing. Many favor the so-called "pendulum stroke", made with two hands, the mallet swinging vertically between the legs. In the case of some beginners, there should be a rule like the golfing one—all turf shall be replaced before the player moves on. Wild and vicious slices abound. Other beginners go in for the delicate tap, called by some the "anæmic tap."

An important rule is "keep your eye on the ball".

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High Trails

and high courage and adventure too, are in this story of three girls who risked a perilous journey through a mountain storm

MARGARET glanced up from her sizzling eggs as her small sister dashed into the kitchen from outside, letting in a whiff of icy mountain air.

"She's coming, Peg, she's coming!" Trudy shouted delightedly. "You said she'd sleep late, but she didn't. She got up before her brother even, and I showed her Cinnamon Pie, and she loves him! She's out there now, scratching his stomach, just the way he likes!"

Margaret deftly flopped an egg. "One more, father," she said in a quiet distinct tone to Jerry Halse, who stood in a white apron at the table, mixing pancake batter. "Better have plenty; the honey's so good. Trude, will you take in the apricots and look over the table to see if everything's on? Oh, the milk hasn't been opened yet." She indicated two cans on the shelf. "One, straight, for the coffee, you know; but thin the other a bit, for the oatmeal. Not so fast dear—you'll have a wreck."

Trudy bore in a trayful of little round white dishes containing stewed dried fruit, and returned at a run, the door swinging back and forth behind her. Then she started digging into the condensed milk cans with disregardful haste. She was a child of eleven, stocky, tanned, and strong, with an engaging countenance, open and confiding, eyes a larkspur blue, cheeks like apples, and a mouth both sweet and stubborn.

Margaret was the mother who had died, and a big sister, too. Jerry was pal rather than parent to both. He had spent his life in the mountains, knew them, loved them. As long as it yielded a living, he asked no more of his camp. He liked precisely the life he led. For him, it was an easy one. It was Margaret, the serious, the responsible, who bore burdens and made ambitious plans. She wanted education and a chance for Trudy.

It was February now. In spite of intermittent bad weather, hikers were drifting in. They must be prepared always for unexpected guests. The Boy Scouts had sent in a party of twenty last week. The week-end had netted them a round fifty dollars, twenty-five of which her father had let her tuck away into her private savings account—a school fund for Trudy.

Yesterday, Friday evening, Julie Burton and her brother had come in over the trail from High Peak. Will Burton was a slender, taciturn boy of sixteen, odd in his ways and not very strong. Margaret knew that his family were concerned for his health and strongly encouraged his interest in outdoor life, hoping he might in time enter the Forest Service. He often put up at Jerry's camp, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by his sister. Secretly, Mar-



garet dreaded these visits. Not that there was anything in Will Burton to intimidate one; it was his sister.

Julie was a flashing, handsome girl, smartly dressed on every occasion. She was a vivacious talker, one who could and did hold the center of attention. Trudy adored her and Julie treated the child with a gay familiarity, a coaxing humorous flattery, very different from Margaret's quiet way. The older girl was all that Trudy secretly longed and determined to be—a popular senior in a big city High School, champion swimmer and president of the athletic association. Margaret had a shrewd suspicion that Julie might be up here now on a half official errand in behalf of this group. Perhaps Jerry's camp had been talked of as a possibility for a mountain outing during Easter week when the members had a holiday.

By ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

Illustration by
De Alton Valentine



"I can't—I can't!" screamed Julie, completely unnerved. "Oh, Margaret, why did you let us come?"

Margaret scooped her delicately fried eggs onto a hot platter beside brown frizzled bacon. This breakfast must be perfect. If, she thought anxiously, the viands possible in a camp where all supplies had to be packed in over a ten mile trail could possibly seem perfect to a girl like Julie Burton! Much as she longed for the prestige and the money that a big club outing would bring to the camp, Margaret was under no illusion. Tin basins and cold water, kerosene lamps, canned vegetables, dried milk and salted meat, hard cots and army blankets in chilly tents—all these might well pall on city girls if acquaintance with them were too prolonged.

She ladled out dishes of steaming oatmeal as Jerry, humming *Clementine* robustly under his breath, greased the griddle for his famous cakes.

"Blow the conch, Trude," she directed. Trudy went to the doorway under the dried wild cucumber vine and set her lips to the smooth pink mouth of the giant shell, from which there issued a wild, resonant roar.

From tents and half-canvas cabins set among the big spruces and huge gray boulders of the canyon, trooped

three or four men, and Julie Burton. Julie was laughing and talking, a striking figure in her well-tailored knickerbocker suit of rough green homespun, shapely well-made boots, swagger felt hat, and gorgeous batik neckerchief. The men, husky fellows in heavy wool khaki shirts and leather puttees, were Tom Davis, the ranger, and two telephone linemen who had just finished a repair job on the connection between Jerry's and High Peak. Julie was the first to seat herself at the red and yellow oil-clothed table.

In the rude stone fireplace, with a mountain lion skin spread before it, a roaring wood fire, built by Margaret before six o'clock, gave out warmth and cheer. It was a uniquely pleasant place, that room, with its windows opening to the mountains towering against a misty sky, and the noise of a rapid stream clearly audible. Its rafters were hung with dried yucca stalks, live oak branches and the monster cones of the Coulter pine. Here and there a stuffed owl perched, or a fox, or gray squirrel or ring-tailed cat. Jerry had done the shooting, but Margaret had stuffed and mounted them. The case of butterflies belonged to Trudy.

Margaret sat at the end of the table and poured out the coffee. Under her low-toned directions, Trudy whisked back and forth from the kitchen bringing supplies. Jerry appeared in the door now and then, surrounded by steam

and the toothsome aroma of frying, with a plate of fresh cakes, shouting out jokes in his loud voice, round and rosy and beaming.

He had just brought in a specially cooked pancake, the width of a sizeable table top, for the ranger, roaring so with laughter himself that no one else could be heard, when suddenly the telephone rang, one ring—two rings—one again.

"Our call," said Margaret, and got up instantly. After a few minutes with the receiver at her ear she turned to her father.

"It's from the tavern at High Peak. A boy has failed to come in from Santa Anita. Out all night. They want you."

They always wanted Jerry when there was storm or trouble in these mountains. How quickly that rotund jovial voice of his could change. "What's that? Left the trail? Edison firebreak? What point? What time?" The sharp questions sounded like shots from an automatic pistol.

Margaret's eye swept the table as she returned to her seat. They had all made a hearty breakfast. If needed, the men could set out at once.

Jerry was taking off his white apron as he left the telephone. "Got a job for you boys. Let's hurry."

Jerry's camp, farthest back in the mountains, formed one point in a triangle of which High Peak Tavern and Santa Anita Resort were the other two. Six to eight miles would roughly measure the distance from point to point. The trail from High Peak to Santa Anita was easiest although longest and that from Jerry's to Santa Anita most difficult, as it was least traveled at any time of year and now in dubious condition, crossed and recrossed many times by a stream running overfull after heavy winter rains.

A twelve-year-old boy, Rodney Haines, had left Santa Anita with two other boys at twelve o'clock the day before on a hike to High Peak Tavern. Boy Scouts, all of them, they were familiar with the mountain trails. Before they had gone half way, Rodney made a wager with the other two that, by employing a cut-off known only to himself, he could reach the tavern an hour before them. Thereupon he plunged down a firebreak, cut only the summer before, and was lost to sight. When the boys reached the tavern, Rodney was not there. An hour, and more, went by. Fog drew in, a cold night threatened and still, they said nothing to any one in authority, expecting any moment to be able to hail Rodney and chaff him for his delay. When they finally gave the alarm, it was pitch dark. A telephone message flew then to Santa Anita and a rescue party was hastily organized there and another at High Peak. The futile result of their night-long search was relayed to Jerry's.

"Prob'ly at the foot of some cliff with a broken leg," Jerry said with a worried look on his rosy countenance. "Don't like the looks of the sky. A fall o' snow mightn't help him much, eh, Tom?"

Tom was locating his first aid kit and did not answer. In the kitchen Margaret hurriedly packed food. She heard Julie remonstrating with her brother in vain. Will would not stay behind with the girls. Jerry put in a word at last; assured Julie they needed every man—Will flushed with pleasure—and that he'd keep the boy with him. Trudy, quiet and a little awed, stroked Cinnamon Pie

tenderly and thought how terrible it would be if he were out in the mountains alone all night with a broken leg.

Within fifteen minutes the men were off carrying a rope, blanket, splints, food and restoratives. They would soon divide into two parties, Jerry and Tom the leaders.

At the camp, Julie and Margaret and Trudy were left to their own company. Outside was disagreeable lowering weather; within, nothing but dishes and fire- and bed-making to engage their attention.

To Margaret the forenoon was endlessly long; but Trudy was in heaven. She nestled on the skin at Julie's feet before the fire and could not easily be torn away. When the piles of thick sticky dishes were ready for washing, Margaret called for assistance, but she had to call four times.

She made the beds and swept out the tents and filled the water pitchers alone. She brought in logs of wood to feed the fire. Her fingers were numb. Heavier and heavier lowered the sky. Half-visible gray giants, the peaks loomed dimly through the mist.

She caught snatches of Julie's talk as she went in and out of the room. She was telling Trudy about school, parties, clothes, movies. How could it help but make the child discontented, she thought. Once, in the small cracked kitchen mirror, she examined herself seriously. No checked tailored wool shirt and batik scarf for her; just khaki that had been washed many times. She thought of the lovely line of Julie's shingle—her hair went straight back from her clear brow. Margaret and Trudy cut each other's. "Country girl" was stamped all over Margaret. She wished she could be pretty and smart for Trudy's sake.

She prepared as dainty a lunch as she was able, recklessly squandering a few precious eggs on an omelet. Julie was growing bored. She patted back a yawn and failed once or twice to answer questions of Trudy's. She supposed the men had forgotten all about them. What a dreary, forsaken place!

The telephone rang—one ring—two rings—one again. Margaret flew.

"You, father? . . . Yes, yes . . ."

"He's found! Oh, I know he's found!" Trudy shouted joyfully. But Margaret, with her ear glued to the receiver, did not smile. To Julie and Trudy it seemed a long time that she was at the telephone, and they grew madly impatient, waiting. Even after hanging up she did not come to them, but tried to get Santa Anita, ringing repeatedly. At length she had to give it up; the line was dead. When she turned at last and walked over to them slowly, they saw that her face was very grave.

"Yes, he's found. Father and Will found him, and brought him in. Yes, they've got him at the

tavern. No, his leg wasn't broken." She stopped as if reluctant to proceed.

"Do go on, Margaret!" cried Julie sharply, and Trudy said, "If it wasn't his leg, what was it then?"

Margaret glanced at the clock and spoke rapidly. "He wasn't hurt when they found him, only cold and hungry. He'd been caught at the bottom of a long rock slide ending in a precipice—couldn't get up and couldn't get down. He'd shouted until he was hoarse. Father heard him first, but it was Will who got to him. You ought to be very proud of Will, Julie. He climbed up the side of the

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INDIAN PIPE

*The sun was shining in the sky,
A golden orb against the blue,
When I decided that I'd try
To find adventure, something new.*

*The dew was not yet off the ground,
There was a softly whispering breeze,
When, all at once, a gift I found
Faithfully guarded by the trees.*

*More white than fallen snow it lay
It was a treasure in itself,
I let it in its glory stay,
This Indian pipe, dropped by an elf.*

By JANE BUTZNER, Age 12
Troop Four, Scranton, Pennsylvania

"I hate to go now, but I must," I said, blithely trying not to notice their dismay



Illustration by
Helen Faick

"I Am a Girl Who—

doesn't know how to choose and doesn't know how to refuse, so most of the time I'm running around and getting nowhere"

I'VE always been one who "doesn't know how to choose and doesn't know how to refuse." And it's awful!

"One might think you'd been born at the county fair—everything going on at the same time and you crying to be in them all at once!" That's what my brother Paul, flippantly said to me once, and though I turned my back on him, pretending great dignity, as one must with brothers to keep them in their place, I had to smile to myself and recognize the truth of it.

If there is such a thing as a guiding star then mine must be a whole constellation, and all traveling in different directions, if that were possible. You see, if several things offer I'm so busy wanting them all that I have the hardest work choosing, and when I've chosen, because I had to, I keep on thinking of the things I didn't choose. That sounds as if I were disgustingly piggy, but I don't think it's so much that as that I'm interested in so many things, and they can't always be taken in turn. So many times they all come together.

For instance, I'm never satisfied to have just one book at a time out of the library and finish with that before I start another. No, I want a good thumping mystery story for my dull moments and a glamorous story for my romantic moods, and either one is a perfectly good book wasted if it's read at the wrong time. And like as not, if Paul has a corking adventure story home I'll start that at an odd moment—and be reading it when he is looking for it. Then see the fur fly!

It's the same when some of us go for ice-cream. I'll have a perfect brainstorm deciding on a fudge pecan sundae, then along comes Jean's chocolate float and I

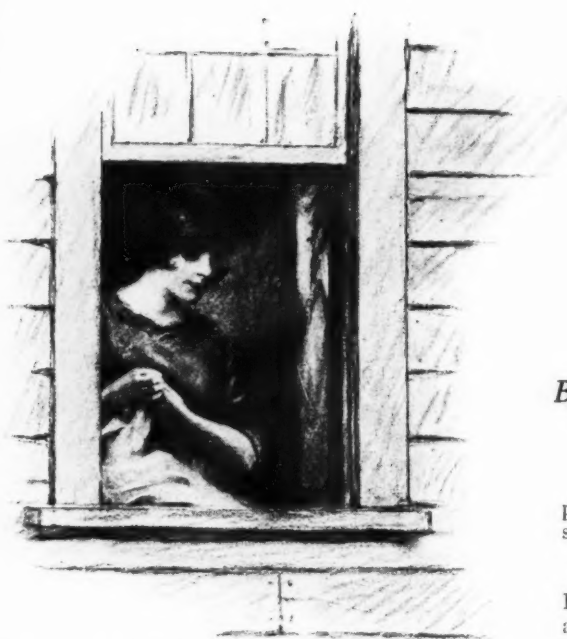
know immediately that's what I should have ordered too.

Maybe this is one reason why I always love gardening so much. You can always plant as many different flowers as you have room for and if some never come up, well, others do, and while you're busy coaxing some along, others are busy blooming and when some are through blooming, others are just budding, and there you are!—a little of everything all the time.

For the same reason I never have the trouble in cooking a dinner that some girls say they do, that is, getting everything done at the same time even though some things take longer than others to cook. Why, that's the interesting part of it, I think, that stuffed tomatoes can be merrily set to baking while you shell the peas, and the peas can be boiling while you're still washing the spinach, and when they're all cooking there's still time to make the salad. Something to do all the time, nothing going dull on you. It's certainly too bad life isn't all like cooking a dinner or planting a garden. But my favorite fault has got me into hot water too many times for me not to realize that alas! life isn't so ducky. And that's what I want to tell about.

The great trouble with this pet propensity of mine (that's Dad's expression for it!) is that I always think beforehand I can manage to do all things that offer, but it amounts to thinking I can be in two or six places all at the same time. I certainly should have been born a litter, like puppies and kittens, instead of just one. When it's the day to decorate the assembly hall for the Senior-Junior Dance, that's the very day Aunt Alice calls up from the city and says she has two matinee tickets for the best

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Steve, barefoot and in dungarees, stopped below Marilyn's window

Hey Diddle Diddle

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

Illustrations by W. C. Nims

LYN," said her father grimly, "you'll have to tie that dog up. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to."
"Oh, Dad!"

"I know, it's tough. But neighbors' rights are neighbors' rights. Here he's been after Sue Pritchard's cow again, and her milk just coming in good. Chased her round the back pasture seventeen times, and then over the new fence and down to the village. You know yourself what this town is like the night before the Fourth. If that dog's left loose he'll get into trouble himself, and he'll get us into trouble."

"But Dad, I'm sure Skipper doesn't *mean*—"

"Whatever he means," said Mr. Brewer, "the result's the same. Now here's a good piece of trap warp. I've stretched a wire from the back corner of the shed to the hackmatack, and you'll find a ring'll rove on it. You make one end of the warp fast to that ring, and you slip a bowline in the other end round that pup's collar. Better stop both loose ends of the warp with marlin, to make sure. Take his water pan and his bones out there, and leave him. He'll have plenty chance to run on that ring and wire—"

"But Dad! It'll break his *spirit*!"

"It's the dog's spirit or the cow's milk, Lyn," her father insisted gloomily. "Do as I say." And he stumped off toward the cove.

Marilyn did as he said. Sorrowfully and with many whispered endearments, she hitched Skipper to that travesty of freedom—not even neglecting to stop the loose ends with marlin. At the back door she turned for a last look.

The dog had trotted gaily after her as far as the gear would let him and then had been brought up short. He stood braced there, his square head cocked, his stumps of legs spread, his short tail accusing the sky. He made a querulous sound in his throat, as if indicating his willingness to take part in this new game if this *was* a game. He gave a stiff-legged jump into the air and stood with his mouth open, grinning.

"Oh!" Lyn sobbed and fled into the house.

There was no denying the justice of Dad's verdict. Skipper *had* been after Mrs. Pritchard's cow, and with the same blithe indifference that he went after everything. To Skip-

per, anything that moved was fair game and anything so stupid as to stand still must be made to move at once.

What chance had a mere cow against this ruthless logic? Besides, Marilyn liked the Widow Pritchard. Few in Eastbay did—most found her cross and cranky, and over at Back Narrows the lower grades believed firmly she was a witch. Small, bent, more than half deaf but possessed of a pair of astonishingly bright black eyes, she did give that appearance. But Marilyn liked her. Marilyn had a way of liking people. She had spent long pleasant hours in Mrs. Pritchard's cozy kitchen, listening to the most marvelous tales—for old Joe Pritchard had been a clipper captain out of Salem and knew the world from Table Bay to Bering Sea. Lyn could make the old crone hear when others couldn't. To her, Sue Pritchard was pathetically alone, romantic, brave. And that cow was her sole support.

But—to have to tie Skipper up! It was like going to prison.

Sadly the girl climbed to her attic room and, sitting down by the window, began to take the bastings out of her new party dress. It was a duck of a dress, apricot georgette, scalloped and fluffy as sunset-lit foam. She had looked forward with a high heart to wearing it tomorrow night to the Fourth of July dance in the Town Hall. She regarded the dress without enthusiasm, now. Of course, it was still pretty. And of course, she would still go. But . . .

Skipper's first yips of distress floated up to her. Poor darling! She tried to shut her ears against the sound and glanced out the window, trying desperately to get her mind on something else.

A hundred yards down the road, Mrs. Pritchard's ramshackle cottage cocked a gable at her. The building seemed to quiver with age in the hot July sunshine. Winter gales had ripped off shingles here and there, and the others curled up their gray toes forlornly. The house had long since lost its paint. It stood high off the ground on a solid stone foundation, as if fate wished grimly to emphasize the feebleness of its upper structure. The steps to the long front porch had rotted away, and some kindly soul had substituted a block of granite from which callers (there weren't many, and Sue herself, of course, used the back door) had to leap to the porch floor. The piazza was splintered and punky at one corner where a pillar was missing. And yet there was something sturdy and proud about that poor house. It didn't help matters any to look at it.

Marilyn was on the point of turning back to her bastings when a figure came round the bend of the road, passed Pritchard's, and stopped below her window.

It was Mr. Steve Farnham. He was barefoot, and he wriggled his toes deliciously in the warm sand of the road. He looked up at her and grinned. He was in clean dun-

garees, and his tow-colored hair was damp from swimming. He drew a premature cannon-cracker out of his pocket, lighted and threw it, and looked up and grinned.

"Hi!" he observed. "Just came up to make sure you hadn't forgotten."

"I haven't forgotten, Steve. Look." And she held up the party dress.

Wheeee! Mr. Farnham's two-finger whistle cut the air. Speechless on that topic, he shifted ground. "What's wrong with Skip?" he asked, pointing to the back yard. "Gone wolf on you?"

"Dad made me tie him up. He was worrying Mis' Pritchard's cow."

Mr. Farnham seemed to find that funny. He bent over, coughing. "Say, Lyn!" He looked up again in a burst of confidence. "We got the greatest thing fixed for tonight you ever heard of. Boy!"

"Now, Steve, do be careful. If—if you get into any scrapes tonight, I won't go to the dance with you."

"Don't worry, I won't!" Again Mr. Farnham collapsed. "It'll be—somebody else—who—"

"Oh, run along, you silly thing." Lyn was giggling in spite of herself. "And go pet Skipper a bit on your way. He's awfully lonesome."

"Sure." Mr. Farnham started up the path. "I'll be round about ha' past seven," he threw over his shoulder, and with that leaped stiff-legged into the air, smacked his heels together, grinned, and disappeared.

He was so much like Skipper, you had to laugh. So gay, so irresponsible, so sure of himself. Boys were queer things—nice, but queer. Steve Farnham was a leader in Eastbay, and he wore his crown without knowing it was there. His father was the local lumber dealer, ran the red tidewater sawmill down in the village, and drove an eight-cylinder car. The family could trace their people back to the first John Farnham who had served in President Washington's bodyguard. But no Farnham was ever heard to mention the fact.

Picking out bastings, Marilyn wished for the thousandth time that she were a boy.

She wondered what Steve had up his sleeve for tonight. It was the night of nights for Eastbay young blood—the night when anything was possible and nothing really a sin. The town swore in two special constables for the occasion, but they usually strolled down the dock about eleven and went to sleep.

The celebration always started on the tick of midnight with somebody mysteriously obtaining the key to the schoolhouse and ringing the big bell in the tower, wildly, chaotically, for one hour. After that, anything. Truman Giles's best suspenders draped coyly round the Town Hall weather vane. Somebody's front gate in somebody else's hen-yard. Fred Hodgdon's skiff on his mother-in-law's roof. All this under cover of darkness and the *rataplan* of crackers; but the sun rising over the river would discover the results, and the town would laugh indulgently. "What next?" each man, recalling his own youth, would chuckle.

Marilyn was unusually quiet at dinner. She spent the afternoon with Skipper and a book under the hackmatack. The dog chewed bones, and buried them, and pretended to discover them again with every sign of joy. He was grateful for her company. It was not being tied that he minded; it was being alone. As the long day faded, popping and banging grew more constant in the village down the road. For the thousand and first time the girl wished she were a boy.

She slept very soundly that night, with Skipper curled up on her feet. She was awakened, not by the school bell at midnight, but by the rising sun on her face and a sound that, still drugged with heavy sleep, she took to be a cat.

She got up on an elbow to listen. It came again, long-drawn, this time more deep and plaintive: "*Mu-u-u-ugh!*"

Cat? That was a cow!

She bounced from bed, Skipper after her, and looked out the window.

"Mother—Dad!" she squealed. "Mis' Pritchard's cow is—is *sunk!*" That wasn't the right word, but she could find no other. There was no answer from below; Mother and Dad were sleeping late on the holiday. She shot another look down the road, then back at Skipper on the sill beside her. At least he couldn't be held responsible for—

"*Mu-u-u-ugh!*"

A stop-watch would have timed Lyn's toilet in ten seconds flat. She tumbled downstairs and out the back door, tied Skipper with feverish haste, and bolted down the road.

People were beginning to gather in front of the Widow Pritchard's house. They were laughing and asking each other, "What next?" From an upper window leaned the poor woman herself, in cap and flannel wrapper, and with the unnaturally loud voice of the deaf screamed over and over again: "'S anything the matter? 'S anybody hurt?"

Much was the matter, but she could neither see nor hear it. Directly below her, but cut off from her view by the piazza roof, stood her precious cow—but the rest of the animal had disappeared below the piazza flooring.

Clearly, somebody had tried to drive that cow up onto the piazza. Under her weight the rotten flooring had given way. Now, surrounded by a five-foot stone wall, she stood helpless in the smallest and most arid pasture she had ever known, and sent her patient, troubled call for help abroad.

"*Mu-u-u-ugh!*"

"There's a yard she'll be safe in," somebody chuckled.

But Lyn's eyes flashed. If anybody could laugh at that, he was a brute.

"Can't you *do* anything?" she begged of the grinning bystanders. "If Mis' Pritchard finds out, it'll be the death of her. And the cow's milk'll be ruined—she'll begin rearing in a minute. Oh, please!"

They stared at her, the grins fading from their faces. There was something compelling about the look of that straight, slim figure—bare-legged, for she had had no time for shoes and stockings, her print dress just hanging on her, her hair a tumbled halo of curls. "It'll kill her! Please!"

They stared dully at her, then at the cow. They frowned in thought. Do something? Well now . . . Somebody suggested a wisp of



"What's wrong with Skip?" he asked, pointing to the back yard. "Gone wolf on you?"

grass to coax the beast to jump. "Git a tayckle and a piece o' canvas," somebody else drawled. "We'll h'ist her out."

"Do what you can," Lyn snapped at them and ran round the house. Into the back door and upstairs and into the front bedroom, neat but pitifully bare. She soothed Mrs. Pritchard, told her everything would be all right (though she didn't see how), and got her back to bed. Down again, in the shed she found two speckless milk pails, snatched them up and returned to the scene of operations.

"What you goin' to do with them pails?" they asked her, dropping their grass and rope and pulleys. The crowd in the road had greatly increased; the hand-pump and volunteer fire brigade, called by mistake, and half the town were there.

"Take one guess," she said to them, white-faced and resolute, and vaulted to the piazza floor.

"Hey, you can't do that! She'll kick ye," they warned.

"Somebody's got to do it. It'll make her lighter and easier." Hands reached for Lyn, but she was already down inside the jagged hole beside the cow, stroking her neck.

The cow's eyes rolled white. She tossed her head once, then as the soft warm hand persisted, stood still.

Lyn ducked from view. In a moment the drumming of milk on bright tin filled the air. A murmur of approval stirred the crowd. Nobody was laughing any more.

A brimming pail and another partly full swung up onto the edge of the porch. Lyn followed, cobwebby but smiling, and carried the milk into the shed. When she returned, somebody was saying briskly, "Now to h'ist her out."

The bit of canvas was passed gently under the prisoner's belly, the grapple made fast to it, and the tackle perched on a rafter overhead. Willing hands tailed on, and somebody in the crowd grunted "Eee-yoh!"

And with the first strain, there was a great splintering crack, and the aged rafter parted, showering cow and rescuers with remnants.

"Mu-u-u-ugh!" It was a groan of despair.

"Try the grass. Try carrots. Git some carrots, there!"

Grass, carrots, even some last year's apples discovered in a neighboring cellar, were tried in turn, held temptingly before the cow's nose. But the poor beast was by now too disturbed to be interested; if she tried to touch the eatables, maybe there'd be another explosion. Her eyes rolled wildly. Her tail switched. A fore-hoof scraped futilely at the smooth stone coping.

It was getting mighty serious. People were having visions of that cow staying there indefinitely, of having to be shot because they couldn't get her out. Nobody had thought of this at first; it was just funny to see that cow up to her neck in shattered piazza. It had been just another night-before prank. Looked at now, it was pretty close to crime.

The crowd stirred, scratched their heads, muttered uncertainly. "Who did it?" growled Ab

Tuttle, one of the special constables, as he shouldered his way to the front, suddenly remembering his official duties.

People looked sidewise at each other. Nobody knew who did it. There was a blank pause.

This was rudely broken by a swishing sound—recognized as the distant, scuttering rush of small feet. It neared swiftly. The crowd turned. Down the road from Nat Brewer's was coming a long cloud of dust headed by a black and white blur. It reached them, plunged in among them, dived through their legs, and without the least apparent effort flew to the edge of the hole in the porch floor—and stopped.

"Skipper!" Lyn gasped in horror—for this was the last straw.

The dog, for once, gave no heed to that voice. One hour's bondage today, actually within sight and sound of this extremely interesting affair, had perhaps driven him mad. He stood four-square, tail quivering with joy, ten inches of neatly severed trap-warp trailing from his collar, and cocked his head at that mysterious cow head rising from nowhere.

It was a motionless object. And anything so stupid as to be motionless must be made to move at once.

Skipper drew down and back, straightened his head on a line with his crouching body, and—

"Wow! Wow! WOW!"

The cow started, with a hint of recalling some dreadful extremity. The cow snorted. The cow's ears went flat. Gathering herself, she soared in a perfect arc of outraged femininity over the stone wall, cleared the granite block by a yard, and scattering onlookers to right and left, galloped majestically round the house and out of sight into the pasture.

A shout of relieved laughter followed her.

It will always be a moot point whether Skipper would have followed her too. Lyn of course swears to this day he wouldn't have dreamed of such a thing. But inasmuch as she caught him in her arms before he had the chance, evidence is lacking.

"See, Dad!" she cried ecstatically to her father, who had appeared in slippers, with his nightshirt tucked into his trousers and his suspenders flying—"I told you he didn't *mean* to be bad!"

And for once, no one disputed her, for Skipper's ability to make things move had solved what was beginning to be a serious problem.

But it was a very sober-faced young lady who appeared at the Brewer's front door, when Mr. Steve Farnham, brave in Sunday suit, shined shoes and starched collar, rang the bell at seven-thirty sharp that evening. It was a young lady in a calico house-dress.

With her usual determination, Lyn had made her decision, and she was prepared to stick to it, if Steve showed



Skipper drew down and back, straightened his head and barked, "Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!"

no signs of repentance. She felt in her heart that he had been responsible for the affair of Mrs. Pritchard's cow. She remembered his boast—"Say, Lyn! We've got the greatest thing fixed for tonight you ever heard of!" What could that "greatest thing" have been, but this?

Well, if he had had a hand in it and if he refused to do anything about it, he would know what she thought of him, and he would go to the dance without her. That was certain! Lyn hoped he could say something in his defense, that would at least partly clear him. For she *did* want to be at the dance in her new dress, and she *did* like Steve Farnham. But she had refused to change from her calico until she knew.

"If you'd tell me that you hadn't anything to do with it, Steve," she said very softly, "it—it wouldn't take me two shakes to change."

Mr. Farnham tugged miserably at his collar. "I can't tell you that," he admitted a little ashamed. "I just can't, Lyn."

"Well—goodnight then."



The cow snorted and, gathering herself together, she soared in a perfect arc of outraged femininity over the stone wall

And Lyn started firmly to close the door, her voice choked with disappointment.

He looked up at her, desperately pleading. "Would it make any difference if I was to say I'd made a clean breast of it to the old lady and told her I was sorry, and got my dad to give us the lumber for a new porch and steps, and shingles for the whole darn house, and fixed up with the gang to do the work ourselves starting tomorrow? Would it? Would it make any difference, Lyn?"

"Yes!" she whispered, radiant, and suddenly hopeful again. "It certainly would!"

"Well, I said it. And we mean to work like fury, all of us. 'S funny how different a thing like that looks, before you do it. We all laughed ourselves silly thinking about it, but after we did it, somehow—"

The doorway was vacant. Lyn had run upstairs. From the attic came feverish sounds of preparation. Bureau

drawers opened and closed with astonishing rapidity. The calico was peeled off and tossed onto a chair—Lyn was usually neat, but this, she felt, was no time to bother with trifles. A stocking followed the dress, then another flew across the room. Then one clean stocking pulled smoothly and swiftly on—and a second. Pretty slippers out of the closet to go with the new dress. A comb run through her short hair, and she was ready to slip on the delicate, apricot georgette. One quick glance in the mirror and she was flying down the stairs to the waiting Steve. He had whistled with admiration at the dress yesterday, but tonight, seeing her wear it, his tribute was eloquent silence. Fifteen minutes more, and they had arrived,

breathless, at the dance, trying to look cool and collected and unconcerned, and at the same time, fairly sparkling with relief over the fact that they had arrived at all.

Lyn was so happy to be with her young friends. They all looked so charming, she thought, and so did Mr. Farnham, with whom she had many dances, and they danced well together, too.

So they led the Grand March after all. And Lyn Brewer in the apricot georgette made far more stir in town that night than had Sue Pritchard's cow in the shattered porch that morning. And Skipper watched jealously, a big red ribbon (which he would presently tear to shreds) on his collar—tied securely to a potted evergreen hard by the booming band. Only he didn't mind being tied, for everyone patted him and he certainly was not alone.

He wagged his tail politely as people came up to him and with meaningful pats and

strokes congratulated him on his excellent bit of rescue work of the memorable morning.

Lyn was proud of Skipper. She had always believed in him, and now—well, she just beamed when she thought of his success.

Her spirits were high. She felt she could dance all night. And while she danced she hummed.

"What's that you're humming, Lyn?" asked Steve, leaning an ear toward Lyn.

She hummed more loudly so that Steve could hear. "Hey diddle diddle!"

"Mother Goose stuff! 'The cat and the fiddle' . . . I don't see 'em."

"No, but 'The cow jumped over the moon,'" Lyn sang. She freed her hand and pointed at Skipper. "And 'The little dog laughed to see the sport'—" there was no doubt whatever that Skipper, if not actually laughing, was hugely amused by the gay scene.

"And the dish," chuckled Mr. Steve Farnham, gallantly dancing her toward the supper table, "ran away with the spoon!"



White grape conserve put up with a bit of lemon, thin slices of orange, and nuts, is easy to make and a delicious addition to the tea table

Preserving Time Is Here

*Filling shelves with red jam pots and amber jars of preserves is easy—
and it is pleasant to open them when orchards are covered with snow*

WHEN you are sitting in the shade on the porch making inroads on a basket of fresh

peaches, you might meditate upon Sunday evening suppers by the winter fire when a jar of peach marmalade will be a treat. You might look ahead, to breakfasts, when, the berry season long past, a pot of jam will strike a high note for the day. And if you are a girl of action, sometime shortly thereafter, you will be found surveying pyramids of peaches and plums and pears and grapes in the market. And with the gay calculation of a squirrel, you will begin to put up your stores for the winter—rows of ruby and amber colored jars of jam and jellies and conserves.

Strangely enough we are indebted to Napoleon Bonaparte for the invention of canning. He knew that "an army fights on its stomach," and the business of feeding an army in his day was the huge problem always before him. There were no fast ships or trains or refrigerator cars and no one had yet learned how to preserve fruits and vegetables for use throughout the year. Napoleon offered a large prize to the one who could discover a method for preserving fruits. This encouraged Nicholas Appert to experiment, and he found that by putting food in a bottle and corking it tightly and then cooking it in boiling water for a certain length of time, the contents were not spoiled as long as the bottle was kept corked. He did not know why this was so, or that he had made one of the world's great discoveries. You, who have had bacteriology, know

By WINIFRED MOSES

that it is the yeasts, molds or bacteria that cause food to spoil. The secret of successful canning is to put

the food into a can or bottle, seal it up so carefully that no air can get in, and then proceed to cook it at such a high temperature that all yeasts, molds and bacteria in it are destroyed. As long as the jars can be kept sealed, the food will keep from spoiling.

Heat is not the only method of preserving food from the inroads of these tiny plants—the yeasts, the molds, the bacteria. Sometimes, we use sugar. Molds like sugar, but the yeasts and bacteria are not so fond of it, and sometimes we use salt, and sometimes, vinegar and other acids combined with spices—all of these either with or without the action of heat—to preserve fruits and vegetables.

You are familiar with the results of these methods of preserving food, in the preserves, the jams, the conserves, the jellies, the marmalades and the relishes and pickles that are beginning to be stored away on the pantry shelves for next winter, and it is of these that I want to talk today. All of them are easy to make and one of the nicest little attentions that a girl could pay her mother would be to take charge of putting up the jams, the jellies and the conserves for the year. While big canneries put up marvelous canned fruits and vegetables far better in appearance and flavor than those done at home, they cannot get the same delicious flavor that the homemade jelly and jam and butter and pickles somehow nearly always have.

Another thing, you might be setting aside small, cunningly shaped glasses and bottles or glazed pottery jars, to fill with just enough jam and conserve for the family breakfast or for afternoon tea. These you may fill, remembering that Christmas is coming, and such pots of jams and jellies of your own making are very acceptable gifts.

Jam is the easiest to make, so we will start with that. It consists of fruit and sugar cooked down to a thick mass. If you are fortunate enough to live where the black currants grow, try out this recipe for black currant jam, one that came from England. The jam is delicious to serve with meats.

Black Currant Jam

1 pound black currants 1 teaspoon grated orange peel
2½ cups sugar ¼ cup water

Wash the currants, pick them from the stems and put them with the sugar, orange peel and water into a saucepan. Toss lightly together so that the ingredients are mixed; they are not so likely to burn as when unmixed. After the mixture begins to boil, cook for about twenty minutes or until you think it is thick enough. Remember that jams and preserves thicken as they cool and it is easier to pour the jam back into the saucepan and cook it a little more if it is not thick enough than to thin it out if it is too thick. Pour into hot clean jars, cool and cover with hot, melted paraffin and put the covers on. Then, wash the jars very clean and put on the labels. This recipe makes enough for three jars of about three-fourths of a cup each. Of course, you may double or treble the recipe, if you wish.

Another delicious jam, made from red currants, is called red bar le duc. While this does not equal the original bar le duc which, as you know, comes from a town of that name in France and is known the world over for its own characteristic flavor, nevertheless, this homemade variety is delicious. It is particularly good to serve with crackers and cream cheese, either as an accompaniment to a green salad or by itself instead of a dessert, or merely as a between-meal lunch for children as well as for grown-ups.

Red Bar Le Duc

1 quart currants 1½ cups sugar

Wash the currants, remove them from the stems, and then put into a saucepan with the sugar and toss them together. Let them cook three minutes after they begin to boil. Pour into jars, cool, paraffin, cover, wash and label. If the three minutes' boiling does not make the jam thick enough to suit your taste, strain out the currants and put them aside for a while. Return the juice to the fire and cook it for five or eight minutes longer. Pour the currants back into this thickened sirup and then bottle. Many other fruits may be used to make jams.

A conserve differs from a jam in that it is made of several fruits instead of one. Usually it contains orange or lemon or both and often nuts, raisins or both, or it may have all four besides one or more other fruits. When orange or lemon peel is used, it should be cut to wafer-like thinness with a very sharp knife (it should *not* be put through the food

chopper) then covered with cold water and soaked over night. Then it should be cooked in this water until clear and transparent. Of course, the orange and lemon may be cooked directly with the sugar and fruit, but it is apt to be tough and not as appetizing as when it receives this first cooking in pure water.

Plum Conserve

1 orange 1 pound plums (after they are
2 cups sugar stoned)

The plums should be firm and not too ripe. Prepare the orange the night before as described above and next morning while it is cooking, wash, stone and cut up the plums. I sometimes cook the stones in a little water for a short time and strain this water into the conserve. The jam will have to cook longer to get the right consistency but the added flavor is worth it. Mix the plums and sugar. Add the cooked orange, water and all (there should be very little water) and the water in which the plum stones were steeped and cook until the mixture is thick enough to suit your idea of a conserve. The time required will vary with the amount of water that was added. If you like, just before it is done, you may add a few chopped walnut meats and half a cup of seedless raisins. Bottle while hot and proceed as for jams. This makes four small glasses.

Concord grapes make a delicious conserve, but they have to be seeded. The little white seedless grapes are easier to work with.

White Grape Conserve

½ orange 3 cups grapes
1 small lemon 2 cups sugar

Prepare the orange and lemon as directed above. Wash and stem the grapes and then put them with the cooked peel and sugar into a saucepan. After the mixture begins to boil, lower the heat and simmer for fifteen minutes or longer, if this length of time does not make it thick enough. A few chopped nuts may be added just before taking it from the fire. Then bottle and finish as for other jams and conserves. This recipe makes three small jars.

Delicious conserves may be made by combining gooseberries with pineapple or orange peel or both.

Gooseberry Conserve

½ orange 1 pound gooseberries 2 cups sugar

Prepare the orange as before and add to the other ingredients and cook for twenty minutes or longer, if needed. Bottle as above. This makes three jars.

You will need some jellies for your collection. Jelly is made by cooking together a fruit juice which contains a certain amount of acid, and a substance called pectin, and sugar. To make a beautiful red one, use raspberries and red currants. This combination is also a delicious one.

(Continued on page 38)



"The good workman is known by his tools"—and the successful canner by the equipment for her venture—little pots for jelly, larger pots for jam

By
WALTER
S. BALL

"WHAT'S the matter, Dad?" Carmella cried. "Need an official interpreter today?" For answer he pointed to the business agent, who had been talking with a companion.

Carmella walked sturdily to the agent. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the English end of Coletta and Company," she said. "And any straight or crooked work you've got on hand can be delivered straight to me, see?"

"Well, say, kid, you don't have to start with your feet spread out like a sea-going admiral. All the matter is, your old man has got to have a bond."

"Who says so?"

"Why—uh!—I say so."

"And who are you, anyway?"

The agent flushed. "Say," he answered, "are you trying to get me into an argument?"

"No! You don't know enough to argue. I'm trying to get you into a fight."

"But your old man—"

"Forget my old man. What's the big kick all about? Is the work here any business of yours, and if it is, what do I tell the cops?"

"Say! What kind of a nice little kid are you?" began the agent.

"You know you were trying to swing a bluff on a man you thought didn't know English. Now you know he's got friends. Two of my uncles are captains in the police department, and two of my cousins are champion prize fighters. I can get all four here in a couple of hours. Now, do you beat it, quick?"

Dixon, beside Carmella, was grinning. John Barrington had come close, and gazed in awe at the girl. Even Mr. Barrington had come within hearing distance. The agent hesitated, and Dixon slightly curled his right fist. The agent wilted.

"For the love of Pete, they're breeding wild-cats now," he said to his companion, as they walked to their machine.

Dixon followed them, strolling casually. As they got into the machine, he said: "From now on, mister, you're away from here, see?" The agent scowled heavily, and made no reply. Then he turned and slowly walked away.

Carmella turned to her father. "That's that!" she said.



"Now what's all the big kick about? Is this any business of yours?"

Carmella

John Barrington came closer to Carmella. "Gee, Miss Carmella," he said, "you're great! How'd you dare talk that way?"

"He's just a bluffer," said Carmella. "You've got to talk to him like that."

John, three years her senior, but slender and hesitant, like one whose decisions had always been made for him, gazed in continued admiration. "But how," he persisted, "can you tell a bluffer from the real thing?"

"Mostly you just know it. Feel it, you know. I don't know how."

Dixon approached from the direction of the machine, in which Mr. Barrington was already seated.

"Excuse me," he said, "but your father wants you, John." He turned to Tommaso, standing near, and asked: "Is the kid going home? She—Carmella—home?"

"No, I'm not!" said the girl, speaking first. "I'm staying here with Dad. If that man comes back, or anything else

Illustrations by
Frederic
Dorr Steele



For what has already
happened, see page sixty-one

"Say now! What kind of a nice little kid are you?" began the agent

Commands

happens—" her sentence trailed into silence, while Tommaso stood, perplexed, unable to utter a single word.

"Better let her stay here, at least today," said Dixon. "She'll learn more in things like this than in a year of school."

"Si?" said Tommaso, understanding the idea if not the words. "You think—yes?"

"You bet!" said Dixon. "Let her stay."

"Sure I'll stay, Dad, if you want me," said Carmella, in Italian. "I'm your official interpreter, you know. Maybe something else will happen."

Tommaso nodded and Carmella shuffled a jazz-step in the dirt, in involuntary celebration of a wish come true.

Down in the partly excavated cellar of the bungalow nearest the main road, where the busses were to run, Salvatore exclaimed to his fellow workman, Angelo:

"How *la piccola padrona* does boss the whole world!"

"*La piccola padrona* she is," said Angelo, "the little

boss," he chuckled.

Carmella, meanwhile, induced her father to walk with her to the rival excavations down the road. She wanted to know the comparative standing of the two projects before she began to set a pace for Tommaso.

But Carmella's one splendid day was not repeated. No further call to arms thrilled her fighting instinct. Occasionally, when she teased, Tommaso took her with him for the day. But Greendale seemed to need her no more.

Once or twice she walked up the road to Elm Heights, the rival development, and with sinking

heart realized that progress was faster there. Both projects had been greatly expanded. Already houses were nearing completion, and more cellars were being begun daily. It was evident that Mr. Barrington was in a desperate race with his rivals.

One day Tommaso added another truck to his equipment. From Mr. Hastings, whom she overheard talking with a stranger on the plot, Carmella gleaned the news that there would be a show-down between the two in the early autumn, in the form of an auction on each plot. She noticed that her father was taking on a few more men. But still there were nearly twice as many at work at Elm Heights.

Still Tommaso said nothing, nor asked Carmella for help in any conference. Leaving the house before she was out of bed, he came back at night too tired to talk. Sometimes he merely grunted when she asked permission to go to the movies with Nicole, and she promptly went.

Vacation came to an end, and Carmella regretfully returned to school, carrying her promotion card into Miss Silva's room—the last grammar grade. They began on Africa the first day, and Africa irked her. So did arithmetic, and so did the story of some early Indian war. All these were so infinitely less interesting than Greendale.

From Nicole, whom she saw nearly every morning as she passed Mike Laudini's place, she learned that affairs

at Greendale were moving badly. Elm Heights was apparently winning the race. Her father was far behind.

That morning Carmella deliberately disobeyed Miss Silva. It began while she was thinking over what Nicole had told her. When Miss Silva, less poised than Miss Kelly, scolded her for inattention, Carmella flared up. "I'll study when I like," she said, with smothered fury. "Already it is that I know more than you do about many things. I have things to think about besides the river Nile and the population of Liberia."

Miss Silva turned to her desk and wrote rapidly for a moment.

"Come here," she said when she had finished, "and take this note to Mr. Carroll."

Downstairs, in the principal's office, Carmella waited uneasily until he came from his private office. "Hello, Kid Kate," he said, "what's up?"

She handed him the note, and grew slowly red of face as he apparently went through it several times. Finally he looked down at her. "Why wouldn't you?" he questioned.

"Why wouldn't I what?" came Carmella's quick retort.

"You know exactly what I mean."

"There's lots more exciting places than Africa," said Carmella, unexpectedly.

"What place, for instance?" he asked, quietly.

"Why—why here—Greendale."

"Oh, you're interested in Greendale, then?"

"My dad is," said Carmella, proudly. "He's a contractor out there. I was thinking about his job when Miss Silva jumped on me."

"Just what does he do?"

Carmella glanced quickly at the principal, and saw that he was really interested. Not simply make-believe. Words jumped to her lips. She poured out the story of her hopes and fears, of her power to help if Tommaso would only let her, of how much more exciting this was than red and brown spots on the map.

"And you were thinking how to help Dad, weren't you?" said Mr. Carroll, soothingly. "I know you were. But now listen to this, Kid Kate! The way to help Dad is to learn all you can in every way you can. School isn't the only way, but it's a very important way. Don't you know more about America and its language than your father and mother do?" Carmella laughed.

"And how much did school help you this way, when they know so much more than you do about other things?"

Suddenly Carmella's eyes danced. "Say, Mr. Carroll!" she exclaimed. "I wish you talked dago and my dad had you for a foreman. He needs a good guy like you."

Never before had a pupil so talked to the principal. But he went on:

"Perhaps it's better for me to be helping you learn to help Dad. You can't do that unless you learn all about—"

"Africa?" Carmella grinned mischievously.

"You'll be glad some day to know about Africa, too. But in order to learn, you must let those who know more than you do guide you. Don't you let your father tell you about

the contracting business?" He watched her with keen eyes.

"All he will," admitted the girl, her head held high.

"Then let Miss Silva help you all she will. That means obeying her. Now will you go back and tell her you're sorry you behaved badly, and then go on learning to help Dad?"

"Are you sure it will help Dad to have me lie to Miss Silva?"

"It won't be a lie, because you want to learn to help."

"Miss Silva is a nut," declared Carmella stoutly.

"She is a good teacher if you'll let her teach you."

Carmella gazed squarely into his eyes until he almost blinked. Suddenly she turned and left the office without a word.

Mr. Carroll sat down and wiped his forehead. The principal who had the hardest school in the city to manage had won what in later years he considered his greatest victory.

Upstairs, the door to Miss Silva's room opened swiftly and Carmella entered with firm feet. Walking straight to the desk she said: "I'm sorry, Miss Silva. I oughtn't to have sassed you. The Nile overflows its banks to make money for those who plant early vegetables."

Carmella drifted through the rest of the day's lessons. In spite of her promise, her mind was still at work in the contracting business. She wondered just how badly the building race in Greendale was going against her father, and why it was going that way. It kept her so worried that she did not know a person could be so plagued.

The school day came to an end, and Carmella had a sudden inspiration. Instead of turning toward Cedar Street, she started downtown. There was just a chance, she knew, that Dixon would be waiting near the Central Trust building for Mr. Barrington. Dixon would know Greendale affairs as Nicole could not. And she was sure he would tell her.

In this, as in so many of her plans, she met with good luck. Dixon was there, parked half a block away from the building. Carmella opened the door, and quietly stepped in beside him. "Hello, Kid Kate!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Dixon!" she answered, "I hope you're well."

"I am, Kid," said the chauffeur, wonderingly. "And you?"

"All right! But I wish you'd tell me just what's happening to Dad's job out Greendale way. I want to know all about it."

"All what about what?"

"You know what. Why's your boss worried? Why isn't my dad beating the Cronin gang over at Elm Heights? What am I going to do about it?"

"I'm no contractor, Kid," said Dixon, laughing. "If I was I wouldn't be all dolled up in a uniform driving other folks' wagons. I'd be contracting."

"You mean you'd be expanding," said Carmella, making a pun.

"Well, you know what I—oh, I see! Joke by la piccola padrona. Good girl."

(Continued on page 56)



"There's lots more exciting places than Africa," said Carmella unexpectedly

How about a Coat of Tan?

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustration by Katherine Shane

EVERY year since I can remember I've been talking about tan, but nobody would listen to me. At least they never listened till after the damage was done. Along in the fall they always came around and said, "Dear Miss Cades, I look just awful. Is there anything I can do to get this terrible tan bleached off so that I can wear an evening dress?"

But as for listening in the summer when I was giving good advice on how *not* to freckle, scorch, burn and blister—certainly not. They thought I was a fuss budget. Or they just couldn't take the time.

Well, this year people are coming around just begging me to tell them about tan. But the joke is on both of us, for what they want to know is not how to avoid tan but how to encourage it!

It is considered very fashionable this season to be tanned. Girls who tan naturally are encouraging it, girls who burn instead of tan are bemoaning it and trying to find a remedy. Even girls who hitherto have been rather proud of their fair white sunproof skins are going in for the sun-tan fashion.

A certain amount of tan is, I think, attractive to most girls. It looks healthy and outdoorish. It protects the skin from burning. And it has no particularly serious after-effects on the complexion. If you want to be tanned in this conservative way the safe method is to take it slowly. Expose your skin to direct sunlight for a few seconds at first. Then gradually increase your dose. The use of coconut oil or vaseline on the skin helps to keep it from burning and insures an even tan.

There are girls, however, who just can't tan. Even slight exposure to the direct sun results in burning but not in tanning. If your skin is as sensitive as this, you should be particularly careful. Always use oil on your skin to protect it and never expose your skin to direct sunlight to the point where you feel any ill effects. Never mind if tan is fashionable. The red, burned, weatherbeaten look is not, and your only choice is between that and a fair skin.

This is not altogether a question of looks. A doctor will tell you that there are skins which are so sensitive that they can be permanently damaged by over-exposure to the direct sun.

The girl who freckles and hates it is another girl who should be careful about taking the sun-tan fashion too seriously. Nothing has ever been discovered which will really prevent freckles and nothing will quite remove them.



A tanned skin is attractive, especially for an out-of-doors girl

It's a question of pigmentation of the skin, and the girl who is so unfortunate as to possess such a skin must just make up her mind to protect it from the sun, or to stand the freckles. It sounds hardhearted, but it's the truth.

I might add, for whatever comfort it is worth, that to my mind there's a great difference in freckles. A few scattered picturesquely over the face add a good deal of piquancy. An uninterrupted spread of them over face, neck and arms is another matter. A few are nothing to fuss about, a lot should be avoided at the risk of the annoyance that hat, sleeves and moderately high necks give.

I should point out also that there are quite a few girls to whom a tanned skin is not becoming. You are perhaps the best judge of this, but in general I think this outdoor look goes best with the sturdy outdoor type of medium complexion. Dainty people with delicate features are not good subjects for it. Delicate blondes and red-heads should usually avoid it, and very dark swarthy girls often find that it is unbecoming.

Oil, as I've said, is of help in protecting the skin from burning and in insuring an even tan. What it does is to provide a screen between the skin and the sun's rays. It also helps to keep the skin lubricated and prevents the drying out of natural oils which is always to be avoided if possible.

Some people think it a good plan to use, instead, a preparation such as witch hazel or vinegar and water which hardens the skin and protects it. To my mind this is too drying for the face, but might be fine for bare arms and bare legs where oils prove a little messy.

If by any chance you do unfortunately get a case of sunburn, remember to apply oil or a wet bicarbonate of soda pack immediately and do not wash till the irritation has subsided. Sunburn, as a matter of fact, is a burn and may be treated with any household remedy for such accidents.

I suggest that if you're buying new clothes, you do not go by the color list that you have always thought becoming. Many of the delicate shades look terrible with a tanned skin. White is usually becoming and chartreuse and yellow are nice, but pale blue and pink are not so fortunate. The brown and green shades are apt to be good and a bright medium blue combines well with white for sports or may be effectively worn in the evening. As a matter of fact, you'll find that the season's colors have been more or less dictated by this year's complexions—the sun-tanned skins.

at Greendale were moving badly. Elm Heights was apparently winning the race. Her father was far behind.

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Downstairs, in the principal's office, Carmella waited uneasily until he came from his private office. "Hello, Kid Kate," he said, "what's up?"

She handed him the note, and grew slowly red of face as he apparently went through it several times. Finally he looked down at her. "Why wouldn't you?" he questioned.

"Why wouldn't I what?" came Carmella's quick retort.

"You know exactly what I mean."

"There's lots more exciting places than Africa," said Carmella, unexpectedly.

"What place, for instance?" he asked, quietly.

"Why—why here—Greendale."

"Oh, you're interested in Greendale, then?"

"My dad is," said Carmella, proudly. "He's a contractor out there. I was thinking about his job when Miss Silva jumped on me."

"Just what does he do?"

Carmella glanced quickly at the principal, and saw that he was really interested. Not simply make-believe. Words jumped to her lips. She poured out the story of her hopes and fears, of her power to help if Tommaso would only let her, of how much more exciting this was than red and brown spots on the map.

"And you were thinking how to help Dad, weren't you?" said Mr. Carroll, soothingly. "I know you were. But now listen to this, Kid Kate! The way to help Dad is to learn all you can in every way you can. School isn't the only way, but it's a very important way. Don't you know more about America and its language than your father and mother do?" Carmella laughed.

"And how much did school help you this way, when they know so much more than you do about other things?"

Suddenly Carmella's eyes danced. "Say, Mr. Carroll!" she exclaimed. "I wish you talked dago and my dad had you for a foreman. He needs a good guy like you."

Never before had a pupil so talked to the principal. But he went on:

"Perhaps it's better for me to be helping you learn to help Dad. You can't do that unless you learn all about—"

"Africa?" Carmella grinned mischievously.

"You'll be glad some day to know about Africa, too. But in order to learn, you must let those who know more than you do guide you. Don't you let your father tell you about

the contracting business?" He watched her with keen eyes.

"All he will," admitted the girl, her head held high.

"Then let Miss Silva help you all she will. That means obeying her. Now will you go back and tell her you're sorry you behaved badly, and then go on learning to help Dad?"

"Are you sure it will help Dad to have me lie to Miss Silva?"

"It won't be a lie, because you want to learn to help."

"Miss Silva is a nut," declared Carmella stoutly.

"She is a good teacher if you'll let her teach you."

Carmella gazed squarely into his eyes until he almost blinked. Suddenly she turned and left the office without a word.

Mr. Carroll sat down and wiped his forehead. The principal who had the hardest school in the city to manage had won what in later years he considered his greatest victory.

Upstairs, the door to Miss Silva's room opened swiftly and Carmella entered with firm feet. Walking straight to the desk she said: "I'm sorry, Miss Silva. I oughtn't to have sassed you. The Nile overflows its banks to make money for those who plant early vegetables."

Carmella drifted through the rest of the day's lessons. In spite of her promise, her mind was still at work in the contracting business. She wondered just how badly the building race in Greendale was going against her father, and why it was going that way. It kept her so worried that she did not know a person could be so plagued.

The school day came to an end, and Carmella had a sudden inspiration. Instead of turning toward Cedar Street, she started downtown. There was just a chance, she knew, that Dixon would be waiting near the Central Trust building for Mr. Barrington. Dixon would know Greendale affairs as Nicole could not. And she was sure he would tell her.

In this, as in so many of her plans, she met with good luck. Dixon was there, parked half a block away from the building. Carmella opened the door, and quietly stepped in beside him. "Hello, Kid Kate!" he exclaimed.

"Hello, Dixon!" she answered, "I hope you're well."

"I am, Kid," said the chauffeur, wonderingly. "And you?"

"All right! But I wish you'd tell me just what's happening to Dad's job out Greendale way. I want to know all about it."

"All what about what?"

"You know what. Why's your boss worried? Why isn't my dad beating the Cronin gang over at Elm Heights? What am I going to do about it?"

"I'm no contractor, Kid," said Dixon, laughing. "If I was I wouldn't be all dolled up in a uniform driving other folks' wagons. I'd be contracting."

"You mean you'd be expanding," said Carmella, making a pun.

"Well, you know what I—oh, I see! Joke by la piccola padrona. Good girl."

(Continued on page 56)



"There's lots more exciting places than Africa," said Carmella unexpectedly

How about a Coat of Tan?

EVERY year since I can remember I've been talking about tan, but nobody would listen to me. At least they never listened till after the damage was done. Along in the fall they always came around and said, "Dear Miss Cades, I look just awful. Is there anything I can do to get this terrible tan bleached off so that I can wear an evening dress?"

But as for listening in the summer when I was giving good advice on how *not* to freckle, scorch, burn and blister—certainly not. They thought I was a fuss budget. Or they just couldn't take the time.

Well, this year people are coming around just begging me to tell them about tan. But the joke is on both of us, for what they want to know is not how to avoid tan but how to encourage it!

It is considered very fashionable this season to be tanned. Girls who tan naturally are encouraging it, girls who burn instead of tan are bewailing it and trying to find a remedy. Even girls who hitherto have been rather proud of their fair white sunproof skins are going in for the sun-tan fashion.

A certain amount of tan is, I think, attractive to most girls. It looks healthy and outdoorish. It protects the skin from burning. And it has no particularly serious after-effects on the complexion. If you want to be tanned in this conservative way the safe method is to take it slowly. Expose your skin to direct sunlight for a few seconds at first. Then gradually increase your dose. The use of coconut oil or vaseline on the skin helps to keep it from burning and insures an even tan.

There are girls, however, who just can't tan. Even slight exposure to the direct sun results in burning but not in tanning. If your skin is as sensitive as this, you should be particularly careful. Always use oil on your skin to protect it and never expose your skin to direct sunlight to the point where you feel any ill effects. Never mind if tan is fashionable. The red, burned, weatherbeaten look is not, and your only choice is between that and a fair skin.

This is not altogether a question of looks. A doctor will tell you that there are skins which are so sensitive that they can be permanently damaged by over-exposure to the direct sun.

The girl who freckles and hates it is another girl who should be careful about taking the sun-tan fashion too seriously. Nothing has ever been discovered which will really prevent freckles and nothing will quite remove them.

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustration by Katherine Shane



A tanned skin is attractive, especially for an out-of-doors girl

It's a question of pigmentation of the skin, and the girl who is so unfortunate as to possess such a skin must just make up her mind to protect it from the sun, or to stand the freckles. It sounds hardhearted, but it's the truth.

I might add, for whatever comfort it is worth, that to my mind there's a great difference in freckles. A few scattered picturesquely over the face add a good deal of piquancy. An uninterrupted spread of them over face, neck and arms is another matter. A few are nothing to fuss about, a lot should be avoided at the risk of the annoyance that hat, sleeves and moderately high necks give.

I should point out also that there are quite a few girls to whom a tanned skin is not becoming. You are perhaps the best judge of this, but in general I think this outdoor look goes best with the sturdy outdoor type of medium complexion. Dainty people with delicate features are not good subjects for it. Delicate blondes and red-heads should usually avoid it, and very dark swarthy girls often find that it is unbecoming.

Oil, as I've said, is of help in protecting the skin from burning and in insuring an even tan. What it does is to provide a screen between the skin and the sun's rays. It also helps to keep the skin lubricated and prevents the drying out of natural oils which is always to be avoided if possible.

Some people think it a good plan to use, instead, a preparation such as witch hazel or vinegar and water which hardens the skin and protects it. To my mind this is too drying for the face, but might be fine for bare arms and bare legs where oils prove a little messy.

If by any chance you do unfortunately get a case of sunburn, remember to apply oil or a wet bicarbonate of soda pack immediately and do not wash till the irritation has subsided. Sunburn, as a matter of fact, is a burn and may be treated with any household remedy for such accidents.

I suggest that if you're buying new clothes, you do not go by the color list that you have always thought becoming. Many of the delicate shades look terrible with a tanned skin. White is usually becoming and chartreuse and yellow are nice, but pale blue and pink are not so fortunate. The brown and green shades are apt to be good and a bright medium blue combines well with white for sports or may be effectively worn in the evening. As a matter of fact, you'll find that the season's colors have been more or less dictated by this year's complexions—the sun-tanned skins.



You Can Make a Purse

ISN'T it funny that while it is perfectly natural to make a blouse or a dress or a pair of pajamas, it seems so very difficult and out of the way to make a leather purse or anything else of leather? Yet, leather is soft and pliable and pleasant to handle, and long before mankind learned to weave cloth and make it into garments, people had learned how to tan leather and fashion it into all kinds of apparel. So it ought to seem natural to us

By GERTRUDE L. CAREY

sponge, a sharp knife for cutting the leather, a No. 0 punch, a wooden mallet, a heavy board used on one side for cutting and the other for punching holes, and thin tracing paper for applying your designs, will be your equipment. A glove button fastener is very desirable if one expects to use buttons on purses and other articles and it will serve the entire troop.



Cut your leather like this to make the hexagonal-shaped purse above. It is punched and laced like the others shown at the top of this page

to work with leather, for if you trace your family tree back far enough, you will surely find a remote great-great-grandmother who was skilful at fashioning it into garments.

Treasured equally with delicate and rare old laces, are ancient

articles of hand-tooled leather. Charlemagne gave permission to his monks to hunt, in order that they might have skins to make the beautiful leather covers and bindings of their handmade books. The Moors at Cordova won worldwide fame for their beautiful leather boots, belts, bridles, saddles, and other leather articles. The Spaniards learned this craft from them and brought it to the new world, where even today in Mexico and in our own Southwest, fine leather articles are supremely prized. So, when you begin to make your own leather purse, you will be working at a very ancient and a very highly skilled craft.

When dampened, leather yields to the pressure like wax, and watching a design grow upon it under your own hand has a great fascination. If you are to do satisfactory work, it is essential for you to use good leather. Suede leathers are too soft and pliable to be tooled but may be used for a great many articles not requiring tooling. Russia calf skin is the best and the easiest leather to tool. The calf skin may be bought in different colors, but perhaps you prefer to use the natural color and have the pleasure of dyeing the article yourself, for then your purse may blend with your clothes.

A piece of glass or smooth tile, a T-square, a soft

A small purse like one of those illustrated makes a good beginning. First make a paper pattern and then cut out a piece of leather the same size. Always cut with a knife, and be sure to true up both your design and your leather with a T-square before beginning to work.

Any simple design which fits the space well, either in the form of a flower, a boat, a bird or a tree may be used. Care should be taken, however, to have background spaces small, as large spaces are more difficult to manage without stretching the leather and do not look as well when finished. When satisfied with your design, trace it on thin tracing paper.

Now place the piece of leather on the glass and dampen the right side, patting it gently with a wet sponge for about three minutes, or until soft enough to yield to the tool. Place your design in position on the dampened leather, keeping it wet enough so that the tracing paper will stick to the leather. With a nut pick as a tracing tool, go over the design, using just enough pressure so that the lines will show through the thin paper on to the leather. Hold the design in place with your left hand while you trace, and if the leather becomes too dry, lift one corner at a time and redampen, but do not remove your pattern or allow it to slip, as it will be impossible to replace it in the right position. When finished, remove the paper and go over the lines on the leather with your tracing tool, broadening and deepening them. Then with your modeling tool, press down the background spaces and the design will stand out in an interesting pattern of raised and tooled spaces. With practice you will be able to make them smooth, deep, and even.

(Continued on page 59)



Tooled and punched, this simpler purse will be ready to hold your funds when it is laced together



The neckline of either the one- or two-piece model may be finished square, or it may be v-shaped and boast a jaunty bias tie

Ginghams for Sports

Scottish plaids and Scottish thrift go hand in hand with fashion in these newest sports dresses that you can make for a dollar

IF YOU should walk up Fifth Avenue or the main shopping street in any city, today, you would see the windows of the shops full of summer dresses made of gay checks and gayer plaids. Instead of the silks and satins of other years, cotton is now the thing to wear. But, because it happens to be very new, dresses made of it cost as much as silk, and most of us can't afford to buy them ready made.

But if you are clever with your fingers, you can make a dress like either of the ones pictured above for only a dollar, and it won't take you more than two or three hours at most. After you have made one, you will surely want two or three more because they are so easy to make, so simple to wash and iron, and so jolly to wear.

The dress described in this article is cut entirely on the square, so that it is fun to make it of checked or plaid material. It may be made in either a one- or two-piece model. The ones described are made of Kilburnie gingham which come in every variety of checks and plaids, and cost only twenty-nine cents a yard. If you are making any size up to twelve years old, three yards

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

Illustrations by Harriet Moncure

will be enough to buy for the one-piece dress. This will leave you enough to buy a bright colored belt at the ten cent store, which will give

your frock the smartest touch possible. If you are making a larger size, or two-piece model, you will need three and one-half yards. The measurements in the diagram are a regulation fourteen year size. Before you cut out your dress, take your hip measurement and the length of your dress, and lengthen or shorten these measurements on the diagram so that the dress will surely fit you. The finished dress ought to be at least an inch larger around the hips than you are, and an inch longer than your other dresses to allow for shrinkage when it is first washed.

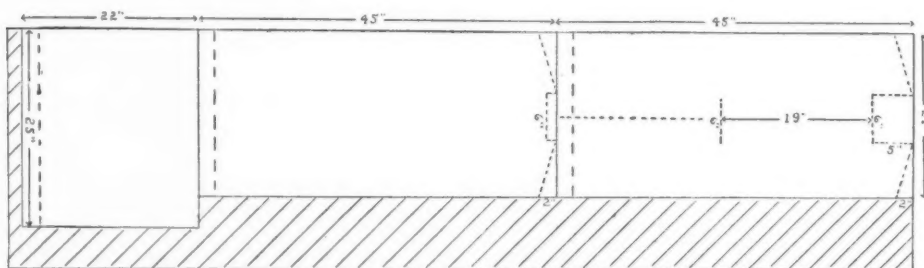
First of all, let us talk about the one-piece dress. If you take a regulation fourteen year size, cut your dress as follows: First, measure off two pieces of material forty-five inches long and twenty-one inches wide, and one piece twenty-two inches long and twenty-five inches wide. Mark these measurements with pins or basting threads. Before cutting them, be sure that your plaid

or check is centered so that it will be exactly in the middle of the finished dress, so that the design of the front and back of the dress will match when the side seams are sewed up. If your material is plaid, it is nice to plan your square neck so that it will exactly fit the main lines in the plaid. This may take a lot of measurement and shifting of pins, but it is easier to change your mind before the dress is cut out than afterwards. You will find that this pattern allows one-half inch extra for all seams and edges, and four inches for a hem. If you are growing awfully fast, it is a good thing to allow an even deeper hem so that your dress can grow up with you. The third piece that you have measured off is to set in for pleats in the front of the dress, and the design in the material must be cut to match the rest of the dress also. You can get this just right by planning it from the hem up, and placing your design exactly the same distance from the bottom as in the front and back pieces of the dress. When you are absolutely sure that your dress is properly laid out, you may cut it, being sure to follow the exact lines of the check or plaid. After you have cut out the main pieces and shaped the neck, you may slope off the shoulders so that you have a drop of two inches from the edge of the neck to the edge of the sleeve. This will make your shoulders fit better than if you left them square. The square neck line in front should be cut five inches deep and six inches wide, as marked on the diagram, and about one inch deep and six inches wide in the back. Measure down nineteen inches from the neckline on the center front of your dress, and mark a cross line six inches wide. If it matches your plaid or check better to move this line up or down an inch or two, it will make no difference. Cut open on this line, and from the center of it, slit the front of your dress from there down to your hem, turn the sides

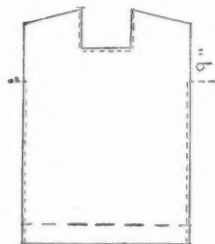
under in such a way that this opening will be the same shape at the top as your square neckline, and the flaps at the side will form the beginning of your pleats. (See diagram.) Next, take your small piece of material and pin it over in pleats in such a way that the checks or plaids will come to the edges of the pleats and the whole will fit nicely into the opening made for it in the dress. In the model shown, the edges of the pleats are two and one-half inches apart in the middle of the dress, and the pleat is three inches deep. This brings the edges of the main front and the pleated section together to form two more three inch pleats, which gives you lots of room in case you want to use this dress for hiking or tennis. If you prefer, you may put in more and smaller pleats, or you may trim off the pleated section at the edges to make it just fit the main part of the dress. The important thing is to have your plaid or checks nicely matched.

When you have the pleated section all neatly basted in, sew up the long seams underneath, then stitch each pleat for about three inches at the top and run your stitching neatly about the square where the pleats are set in. Now you are ready to sew the front and back parts of your dress together. A French seam is the best for this, as it leaves no raw edges. Lay the front and back of your dress together with the right sides out, baste up the under-arm seams to within nine inches of the shoulder. Baste the shoulders, turn under the edge of the neck about one-half inch, splitting it diagonally at the corners. Now slip the dress on. If it is too big through the hips, pin in the whole side seam to make it narrower. If the shoulders do not fit exactly, they may be shaped a little more with pins. If the neck is not the right size, this may also be adjusted. Take your dress off and trim the edges to the right size, allowing

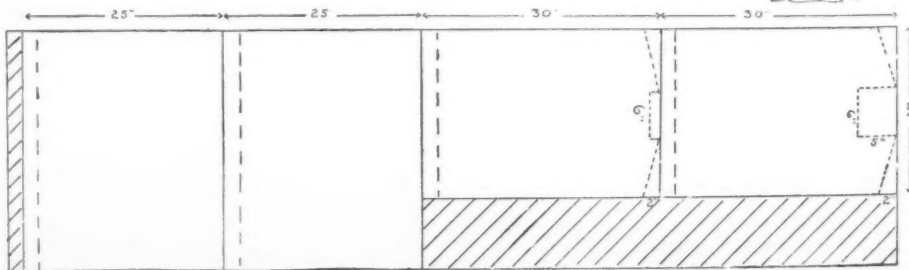
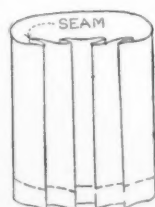
(Continued on page 52)



Above and to the right are shown diagrams of the one-piece tennis dress in various stages of its development. Notice how economically it is cut from the material, and how simply the front pleat is inserted. It is wise to work with this diagram before you



The two-piece dress—diagrams shown below and to the left—is cut, at the top, like the one-piece model. But the skirt is made separately from the blouse and has no inserted pleats. Either model is easy to make, the latter, of course, requiring some extra work



The Dowager of Peking

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN

Illustrations by E. McNerney

THE CHILTON Dozen were holding a final full-dress rehearsal of their operetta in the Brink Haven Community House.

There was an undercurrent of excitement everywhere. Things were moving swiftly. Twelve girls were eagerly working.

"Your Chinese coat, Trix! Catch!"

Leila Burbank, property manager, slid the long brown paste-board box toward Beatrix Temple, leading lady. Beatrix snipped the string. As she lifted the cover, she uttered a scream of dismay.

"O girls, look! 'Tisn't the coat at all! It's the Princess Bokhara!"

She dragged out the ruby-lustrous oriental rug that Jeannette Garrison's uncle had bought in Tiflis when he had been there on one of his trips around the world.

"I can't wear that! Isn't this maddening? Whatever are we going to do?"

The club had been spending a month with Jeannette at Heron Lodge on Brier Island, working up an original play. Now the climax was at hand. For days Brink Haven store windows had displayed placards, adorned with wriggly Chinese symbols, and running thus:

CHILTON DOZEN PRESENT
THE DOWAGER OF PEKING

A Musical Drama of
Humor, Romance and Mystery

COMMUNITY HOUSE
SEPTEMBER 15, 8 P. M.
Proceeds to be devoted to
a worthy cause

But regarding that cause every Chilton was mum.

On the afternoon of the fifteenth, the girls had returned to town in the Garrison motor-launch *Falchion*, ready for their last rehearsal. A thoroughly Chinese atmosphere pervaded the Community House. The hall was gay with lettered banners, flowery parasols and red and yellow lanterns and stolid Buddhas. In the dressing-room girls were putting on their costumes and making up. Brows were pencilled dark; skilfully drawn lines transformed round eyes to slanting almonds; lips grew brilliant with vermilion. Masses of high piled hair were skewered with long silver pins, and adorned with combs and artificial flowers. Edna Gray, Kathryn Hollis and Jennie Deland, who had men's parts, shrieked over their plaited queues.

San Si Toy, daughter of Wu Sing, dealer in oriental curios, flitted butterfly-like here and there. She was three-quarters through Wellesley. That July her father's store had gone up in smoke, and with it her hope of completing her college course. She had accepted her disappointment cheerfully, and gladly helped the Chiltons with their play.

The rehearsal had been about to begin at five, when

they discovered that the Dowager's wide-sleeved coat of rich red satin, lavishly embroidered with many-colored gorgeous poppies and fantastic golden dragons had been left on Brier Island.

Recovering from her consternation, Leila Burbank began to excuse her apparent carelessness. "You see, there were two boxes just alike, the coat in one, this rug in the other. I laid out the coat box. Somebody must have changed 'em. I don't see how it happened."

"How it happened doesn't matter," said the practical Dowager. "That particular pitcher of milk has gone to the dogs, and there's no use crying over it. But that coat's the best thing in this operetta; it sings louder than I do. We've simply got to have it or we can't go on with the play."

There were tears in Leila's eyes.

"All my fault," she acknowledged contritely. "I'm terribly sorry."

"Never mind, Leila," consoled Beatrix. "I'll run out after it in the *Falchion*. No use to send a man, for he mightn't find it."

"I'll go with you," volunteered Jeannette.

Kathryn Hollis looked disappointed.

"My brother Malcolm's coming through at seven on the Boston train; and he'll stop fifteen minutes. I did so want all you girls to meet him."

Beatrix thought regretfully of Kathryn's photo of the fine-looking aviator with his neat black moustache.

"You don't feel any sorrier than we do, Kathryn. We'll have to meet him some other time. Besides, there's another reason for my going. I've lost my pearl ring!"

"What! Your heirloom!" rose the alarmed chorus.

"Yes. I laid it in a crack of the rock, when we were cleaning those fish. Doris Meade's cut finger knocked it out of my head; and I didn't think of it again, until we were almost ashore. The tide'll be over that edge inside of an hour. My only chance of finding it is to hike back right away. San Si Toy'll take my place in the rehearsal, won't you, San Si?"

Beatrix and Jeannette left Bahama Wharf at half past five in the *Falchion*. Rounding the white lighthouse on Curlew Point, they emerged from the landlocked harbor, and were soon plowing south over the open sea. The sun had set in a cloud-bank, and an easterly wind was cresting the swells with foam. A heavy fog blurred the horizon.

Brier Island lay several miles southward. It was some time after six o'clock when they rounded its eastern end and ran into the landing cove on the outshore. The spray was already splashing where Beatrix had laid her ring.

"Go up to the lodge and get that box, won't you, Jeannette?" she requested. "I'll have to look quick, if I want to find my pearl, before it's washed away."

While her chum hurried up the steep rocky path, Beatrix began searching, spurred on by dashing waves and deepening dusk. To her great disappointment, the



The Dowager was the star of the evening

ring was nowhere to be seen. Her friend soon came back with the box, containing the prize piece of property.

"Help me, please, Jeannette," said Beatrix. "My pearl is gone for good, unless I find it in the next ten minutes."

Putting down the box, Jeannette joined in the hurried search. Still no ring. Higher and higher splashed the water, until at last even Beatrix had to acknowledge that further search was useless.

"We'll have to give it up," she confessed, choking back her regret. "At any rate, let's make sure we've got the coat."

They opened the box. There beneath its tissue lay the splendid, dragon-decked, flower-bespangled robe. They tied it up again, and Beatrix looked toward the boathouse.

"Somebody's been here, since we left three hours ago! I'm sure that door was shut tight. Now it's half open. Whoever it was, he may have found my pearl."

That was poor consolation. It was now a quarter to seven, and night was shutting down. They dared delay no longer.

"We'll have to hustle," said Jeannette. "That play starts at eight, and we've none too much time to get back."

Embarking, they headed the *Falchion* round the west end of Brier Island. As they turned the point, they were surprised at the strength of the wind and the roughness of the sea. Southward all was black. The sullen fog loomed ever thicker and closer. From the land Curlew Light shot its beam through the lowering mist.

"Lucky we've a compass and a good boat," remarked Jeannette.

Through the billows sheared the *Falchion*, flinging the spray right and left. But, before they had gone a hundred rods, the engine suddenly stopped!

"What's up now!" exclaimed Beatrix.

The girls could not repress a thrill of consternation. Over five miles offshore, and night and a storm impending!

Jeannette was a good mechanic. Recovering from her first dismay, she examined the engine with her flashlight. When she straightened up, her voice told her alarm.

"Bad! The rocker-arm's broken!"

Instead of a mechanism, almost living, the motor had in a second been transformed into a mere mass of dead iron. Repair was impossible. What could they do? For a few seconds they stood motionless, gripped by panic.

The *Falchion* swung side to the seas, wallowing in the trough. Billow after billow splashed over the gunwale. That would never do. The girls got hold of themselves.

"We must turn her head to it, or she'll fill," cried Beatrix.

Both were used to the water. Getting out the reserve oars, they swung the launch bow to the wind. Less water came aboard, but they could not prevent her from drifting back.

"We'll have to anchor," decided Jeannette.

Pulling in her oar, she started forward, then stopped with a cry of regret.

"I forgot! We took the anchor to Daker's blacksmith shop to have that fluke welded!"

Again they began rowing. As they steadily made sternway, a floating white object off the port quarter caught Beatrix's eye.

"There's a lobster buoy!" she exclaimed excitedly. "We can tie up to that, if we catch it."

Could they drive the heavy boat near enough to it, before they were swept by? They pulled with all their might. At last the float was close. Leaning far out, Beatrix made a desperate clutch. Her fingers closed round the slippery wood; a moment later it was aboard, and its warp was made fast. As the launch rode, head to the seas, they rested, breathing hard.

The drone of the wind deepened ominously. Thicker and blacker rolled the fog about the dancing boat. Curlew Light had vanished. Beatrix shot an electric beam on

her wrist watch, and was truly startled at the time.

"Past seven! Even if our engine was all right, we couldn't get back to Brink Haven in time. Hard luck for 'The Dowager of Peking' to lose us both and the coat too!"

She was almost crying. Then into her brain flashed a sudden thought that checked her tears. If the storm became much worse, it might become a question, not merely of getting back in time, but of getting back at all.

Splash—out in the blackness off their starboard bow.

"What's that!" exclaimed Jeannette.

Beatrix flashed her light, but it blurred on the thick fog. Then a surprised voice broke the silence.

"Hilloo there! Where are you?"

"We're anchored to a lobster buoy," explained Beatrix gladly. "Our engine's broken."

"My boat's out of gas," returned the man.

A faint glow in the gloom told that he was vainly trying to locate them. Darkness again, as he pondered. It did not take him long to reach a decision.

"Instead of anchoring, I'll let myself drift past you. I've twenty-five fathoms of line. I'm going to throw you the end. Catch it, and make it fast."

"We'll try to," answered Beatrix.

Wind and sea were driving the unseen craft out into the ocean. Its pilot wasted no time.

"Look alive!"

There was a swish, a splash some distance from the *Falchion*. Beatrix trained her light in that direction, but could detect nothing.

"It's fallen short!" she cried.

The man gave an ejaculation of disappointment.

"Better luck next time!"

They waited eagerly for his second trial. Evidently he realized he could afford to take no chances.

"Any rope aboard?" he asked.

Beatrix remembered the coil to which the anchor had been attached.

"More than a hundred feet."

"Good! Listen! My line isn't long enough to reach you, and I'm drifting farther off every minute. I'll jump overboard with it, and swim as far as I can. When I say the word, throw your rope toward me. Understand?"

A moment of delay, then a shout.

"All right! Here I come!"

The sound of a plunge! Beatrix grasped the anchor coil, while Jeannette trained her lantern into the fog. Soon a series of rapid, desperate splashes drew nearer.

"Almost as far as I can go," called the voice. "Be ready!"

Beatrix's right hand held the coil; its end was knotted securely round a cleat.

"Ready!" she replied.

Her muscles tensed. She would have just one chance, and she must make the most of it. Seconds passed. A hoarse yell split the fog.

"Now! Throw! Straight, and as far as you can!"

Out along the dimming path of Jeannette's flashlight darted the uncoiling anchor-rope, until its loops were lost in the black mist. The girls held their breath. On a sudden their ears were gladdened by a cry of joy.

"Got it! I'll tie the two together!"

A faint splashing in the gloom was followed by a shout of satisfaction.

"All fast! Now I'll come aboard."

Jeannette directed her beam toward the approaching strokes, until presently a vigorous swimmer burst into the bright path of dancing water. He swung his arm up over the *Falchion's* gunwales, and hung there a moment to regain his breath. The girls saw a smooth-faced young man, wearing a peculiar leather cap. Soon he clambered aboard.

"I'm lucky to be here," said he thankfully. "My anchor

wouldn't have held long in this wind, and I'd have been fifty miles offshore in the morning, if I was still afloat, which would be mighty uncertain."

His eyes showed frank wonder, as he noted the girls' curiously dressed hair.

"Well," said he briskly, "now getting ashore! You said your engine was broken? Perhaps I'd better give it the once over."

A quick examination was enough.

"Broken is right! How much gas have you left?"

As he sounded the tank, his face grew serious.

"Only a little more than a gallon! Not much to come and go on. I was thinking I might put it aboard my craft, and tow you. We'll see."

He began pulling in the rope. Finally the glittering surface of a broad flat wing loomed through the fog.

"Why it's an airplane!" exclaimed Beatrix. "I thought you said it was a boat."

"That's just what it is," said the aviator, "a flying boat. That's what we airmen call 'em. I was so eager to get fast to something that I didn't realize you might not understand. My gas gave out a little way back, and my engine stopped, so of course I had to come down. The waves raised by this storm that's brewing would wash my wings off in a few hours, and then I'd sink. You can't wonder I'm glad to be aboard this launch."

"What made you go out over the ocean on a day like this?"

"Had a sudden call to take a package to an ocean steamer that sailed from New York this noon. Caught her about a hundred miles out. Took me longer to get back than I expected, for I had to buck the wind, and that ate up my supply of gas."

He was a strongly built, clear-eyed fellow with a pleasant smile. An idea came to Beatrix.

"Do you know Malcolm Hollis? He's a flier, and the brother of one of our friends."

"Sure I know him! All of us in the flying game are acquainted. I saw him in New York this morning. He planned to go to Boston today on business. Yes, of course I know him."

The mention of Kathryn's brother brought the girls' minds back to their performance, "The Dowager of Peking."

"We're very anxious to get to Brink Haven before eight o'clock," said Beatrix hesitatingly, but hopefully.

"Hm!" remarked the aviator. "And it's after half past seven now. If we had more gas, I'd taxi in and tow you; but with this wind and sea we couldn't go much more than three miles. Guess the best way is to leave your boat anchored here, and take to the air, if you're willing."

"Of course we are!" exclaimed Beatrix and Jeannette together.

With a short rubber hose the flier siphoned the gas from the *Falchion's* tank into a pail, climbed on his upper wing, and poured the fluid into his gravity tank.

"That'll give us the benefit of the last drop," he said.

"It ought to take us eight or nine miles."

Drawing on his leather coat, which had been thrown off before his swim, he helped the girls aboard the plane, putting Jeannette in the observer's cockpit, and Beatrix in the second seat of the pilot's compartment. He took his place beside her.

"Ready!"

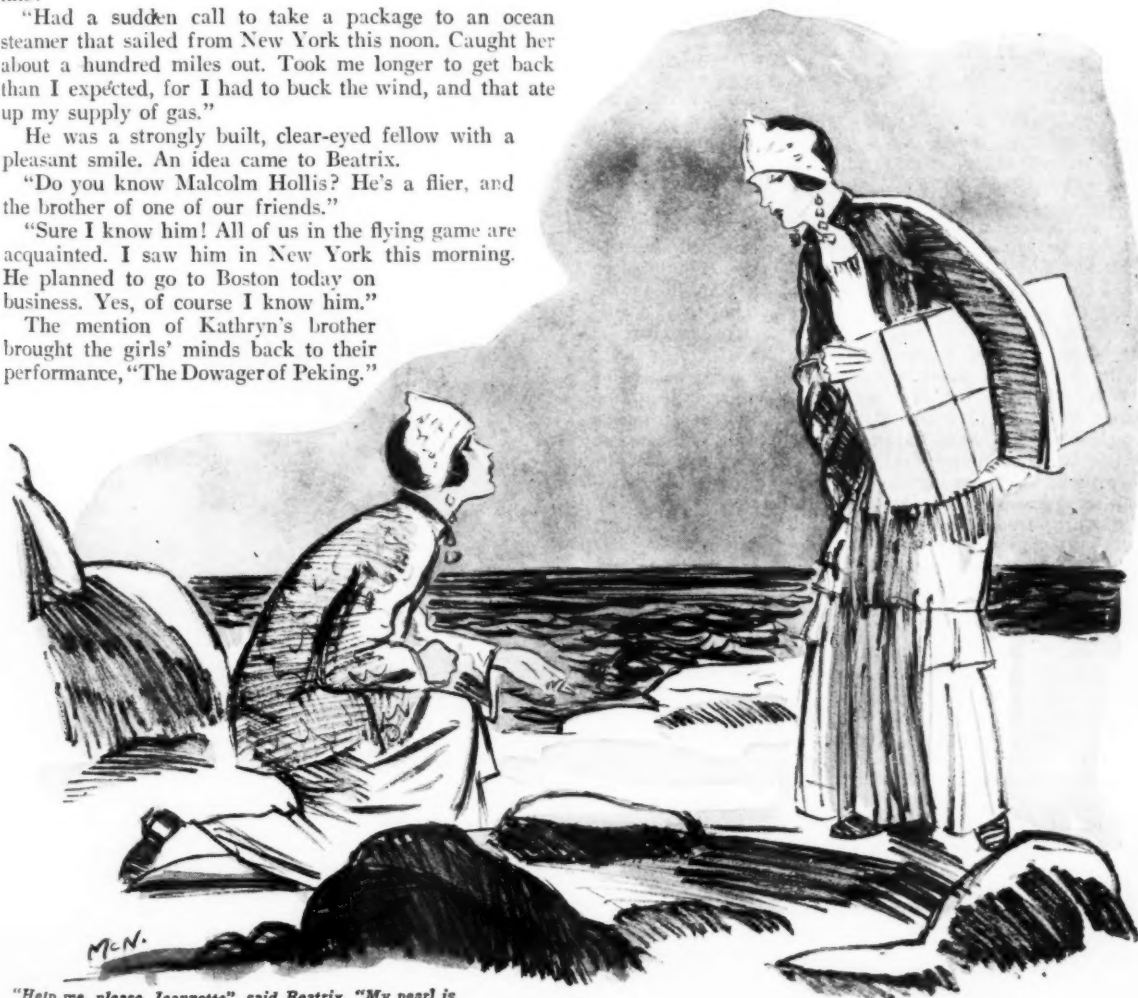
"Goodness me!" exclaimed Beatrix. "I almost forgot my Chinese coat. That's what we came out here for."

The puzzled airman retrieved the box from the launch. Then he leaned over and cut the rope.

"Now we're off!" With those words, he pulled a lever.

R-r-r-r-r . . . Spray flew, as they taxied across the

(Continued on page 55)



"Help me, please, Jeannette", said Beatrix. "My pearl is gone for good unless I find it in the next ten minutes"

Girl Scouts Are Camping

Whether they live near forests, mountains, shore, or just "the country," are at camp this month, discovering trails and having gorgeous



Hardwood groves and fern-filled glens are camping places of Girl Scouts on the Atlantic seaboard

THERE is one thing about Girl Scout camping—everywhere you do it, it's different. There are camps by northern lakes where canoe trips to little islands and remote shores are taken as a matter of course. There are camps in the southern highlands where Girl Scouts pile their duffel bags into wagons behind capable and placid horses, and go off for gypsy trips with their leaders. There are camps in the Rockies where everything is up-hill or down, and the tiny swimming pool is really only one of the rare, placid places in a mountain stream. There are beautiful permanent camps among the "rocks and rills and templed hills" of New England, where Girl Scouts have camped year after year since almost the beginning of Girl Scouting. And there are places in the Southwest where troops have camped for a short fortnight in the only spot for miles around where there is plenty of water.

Along with all of these differences is another one that is most fascinating. It crops out in every camp each season when the girls put their heads together to give a play or a pageant, for sooner or later they always choose to tell a little of the romance, courage and adventure of the first explorers and pioneers who came to their own part of the country.

"In those days there was danger"
Maine girls camp by an Indian trail

For instance, take Camp Sokoki on Cape Elizabeth in Maine. Constance Murray, who has camped there, tells about it:

"Near the mouth of the Spurwink River stands a camp. Mothers of today

can let their girls spend a few days there with their captains without fear. But many of these girls can trace their ancestry back to men and women who lived here side by side with danger.

"By this river the Abenaki Indians clammed and fished, and the trail, that runs by the door of our little cabin, was an old Indian trail to Canada. Here in August, 1702, a pioneer family was living in a little cabin. Indians often came to trade here, so they were not surprised when an Indian visited them. This warm August day, however, the Indian killed the man of the house with his tomahawk, and others carried the little family away up the trail to Canada. Years later, the mother and some of the children returned and built another cabin on the same site. It is believed that our camp house is the third building on this same spot. Our special interest in this family of Dominicus Jordan is their burial place. A few rods behind our camp are the old graves of Hannah, the wife, and the children who returned from Canada with her. Our historical background gives us examples of courage and sacrifice and loyalty."

Such brave pioneering by our grandparents went on all over the country.

Pioneer parade

Camp Pinar recalls Utah's past

Another picture of pioneering is presented by the Girl Scouts of Salt Lake City, Utah. They gathered at Camp Pinar to celebrate Utah Pioneer Day, and Emily A. Lynch writes of it:

"In Pinar, Utah Pioneer Day was celebrated with much attention to detail. With no properties to speak of, a strangely costumed group paraded through camp. One could almost live over again the lives of the trail breakers into Utah. There were Indians, bronzed and strong, cowboys gaily dressed in western style, covered wagons, from which a dainty sunbonneted head would emerge to encourage the weary travelers, a strange pioneer wedding group which solemnly portrayed the sacredness of such an event, and other true-to-life figures of pioneer days, which added a touch of romance and pathos to the accomplishments of the founders of Utah.

"Nor did the celebration end with this parade. That night, this band of Girl Scouts lived over again a night on the desert. Different characters related the folk lore of the pioneers; the *Texas Lament* was dramatized, and plaintive western songs were sung.

"After gazing around that circle, with its fire-lit faces of happiness, one realizes that only in camp can such thrills of pioneer ways be truly appreciated."

Camping is fun

Alabama girls get sealed orders

Turning from history to fun at camp, Vera F. Pruet of Opelika,

Alabama, writes enthusiastically: "I have been reading what other Girl Scouts are doing at camp, and I thought you would like to know what we did at Camp Spring Villa.

"When we had a treasure hunt, you would have thought we were real pirates. The treasure was hidden behind a loose rock in the wall of an old tumble-down house near camp. It



Biscuits baked in a reflector oven are a proud boast at the Brooklyn, New York, camp

from Coast to Coast

and especially if they live in cities, Girl Scouts times together in many different ways

was a set of Morse signaling flags. We had a swimming meet, and in it we had a hat race that was described in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* last summer. And handicraft was enjoyed by all. Some made pine-needle baskets and some pocketbooks, and embroidered them in bright colored yarns. Every girl received a 'sealed order' which was some secret of nature to find out or explain."

Sourdough flapjacks

Montana girls make them

Burney Rice, from the Butte, Montana camp, writes the following:

"At Camp Castle Rock this summer, we were fortunate to have Mrs. John B. Taylor as an instructor in the making of sourdough pancakes. Mrs. Taylor is the wife of the forest supervisor of our district. Together with her husband, she has had many interesting experiences in the out-of-doors. She has written the following about sourdough biscuits:

"It was in the early, covered-wagon days, and perhaps long before that—at least before the days of prepared pancake flour or satisfactory baking powder—that pioneer prospectors and woodsmen first discovered that a sour dough combined with soda made a most satisfactory leavening agent. It worked on the same principle as sour milk and soda, of course, but it was much more convenient to carry long distances. Remember, this was before the time of canned milk, and regular milk could seldom be obtained. Prospectors and woodsmen in general who lived for long periods at a time in rough, uncivilized country, learned to make this sour-

dough, and used it as a base in making breads, biscuits, cakes, pancakes, and other breadstuffs.

"When we speak of making sourdoughs now, we usually mean hotcakes or pancakes, sometimes called 'flapjacks' in the West. To make the starter, or base for the cakes, combine the following ingredients several days before using so that the mixture will have time to ferment or sour:

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup liquid (water or milk)
One yeast cake dissolved in warm water and two teaspoons sugar may be added to hasten souring.

"The night before serving these delicious hotcakes, mix enough flour, sugar, and liquid (water or milk) with the starter to make as much batter as you want. The next morning, when it should be thoroughly fermented, take out about a cupful of the batter to form the new starter for next day's cakes. Then, and not until then, add a little soda, the amount depending on the degree of sourness of the batter. If you have eggs, add one to make the cakes lighter and more tender, though this is not essential. Then fry on a hot griddle like any other hotcakes.

"Limited usually, in regard to equipment, the woodsmen found it convenient to turn their hotcakes by flipping them in the air and catching them again in the frying pan, hence the term 'flapjacks.' When the Girl Scouts of Camp Castle Rock made sourdoughs this summer, they 'flipped' them in approved western pioneer fashion."

When you go to camp this summer,



Some of the oldest living trees shelter Girl Scout campers in the Big Basin of California

why not try making "flapjacks," and let us know how successful you are?

A camp by the Pacific

Starfish and sharks camp together

From La Jolla, California, Audrey Prather writes about her experiences:

"Our camp at Del Mar was situated in the hills just above the ocean, and we slept out under the stars.

"The reason our paper, which was read around the campfire every night, was called 'Fishy Stuff' is because we girls were divided into groups according to ages and given the name of some sea animal. There were sea urchins, and anemones, sand dollars, abalones, starfish, periwinkles, and last but not least, the mighty sharks, of which I happened to be a member. You may be sure we enjoyed every minute of camp."

Paradise for bird finders

Pennsylvania woods are tuneful

It is easy to tell what Ellen O'Brien of Buffalo, New York, likes about Camp Van-Rene at Venango, Pennsylvania.

"French Creek is the beautiful and delightful creek on which our camp is most ideally located. In the many varieties of trees which line its banks,

(Continued on page 53)



When company comes to dinner at Camp Juliette Low, an extra patrol turns in to help peel vegetables



No platform or auditorium is needed by these girls at the Queens, New York, Girl Scout camp—just a rock in the woods for the musicians to drape themselves on

“—and now

That's what Girl Scouts are saying as they put away their schoolbooks and joyfully start for camp



Not least of Girl Scout camp customs is that of writing home and telling Mother and Dad all about things you do there



Here you see the beginning of the famous annual gypsy cart trek from Camp Juliette Low in Georgia. Supplies are hauled by the team when the experienced campers take their ten to fourteen day trail trip—and what fun it is!



now for camp!"



At Camp Mary White, Roswell, New Mexico, the spring provides both drinking water and an ice-box

Some skillful girl is building a fire inside the circle at Camp Duquesne-by-the-Sea, California (below)

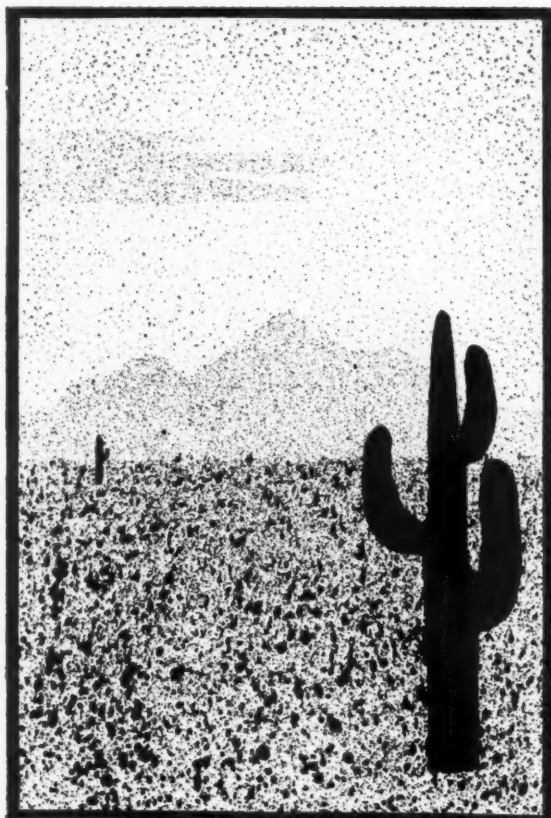


Snow White and Rose Red unexpectedly find a wood-sprite at the Chicago Girl Scout camp

Putting up the tent, cleaning lanterns, laying a fire—Camp Houston, West Virginia, girls are busy



Indian tales and lore are part of the fun at the camp of the Buffalo, New York, Girl Scouts, and they love to act out some of the old Indian legends that abound in that part of the country



This picture was drawn by Jean Maddock Clark for her story below

The Old Camel

The aged Gila Monster of Camelback Mountain had his home to the west for many years. His old, spotted grandfather had had it before him, and the oldest grandfathers before that. Each had told the story of the mountain to his sons, and they had repeated the story to their sons. Now the Gila Monster tells the story to his son in this manner:

Once, long, long ago, when the caravans crossed the Arizona desert, as do the caravans in Egypt, an old man and the old camel were left behind the rest. They were forced to rest, as both the camel and the man were worn by travel. Finally the man died, for the supply of cactus fruit and water gave out.

The camel was heartsick and would lie for many hours as though he, too, were dead. One day as he lay in a sorrowful mood, a great yellow cloud formed in the sky bringing with it the terrible sand storm known to Arizona. The poor camel was too weak to fight the storm and seek shelter under a mesquite tree, so he lay, allowing the sand to pile upon him. Not being able to breathe in the storm, he, too, entered another world.

Soon another sand storm came and added to the first and, after many years, formed the mountain near which we now live.

To this picturesque mountain the Girl Scouts go for numerous picnics where signaling and Girl Scout activities are carried on. It is the most wonderful of

turtle could get into a tank, but he got in. Whether he went through the hose with the water, which is highly improbable, or whether he got into the tank at the factory, is not known.

We found him on a Sunday when the oil tank was emptied of the water that was used to test it for leaks. As soon as he was released from his novel aquarium, he found a secluded spot and went to sleep.

That afternoon, I made a little house for him, and he slept peacefully in it until the next morning, when he felt privileged to go in quest of an education. He started toward the school, which was a block away. By noon he was half way there, and some passing boys kindly gave him a lift, and placed him in the office.

That afternoon, our class was having a lesson in the room next to the office.

The recitation began as usual, when in walked Turtle for his lesson. Order was maintained with difficulty. I claimed him, and restored him to his box. He was soon comfortable again, but before long he began to show signs of restlessness. When school was out, much as I had grown attached to him, I

The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder"

This is a page written and illustrated by Girl Scouts. On it are published your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw in India ink headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in nature photographs.

Give your name, age and, if you are a Girl Scout, your troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, *The Beholder* will award a book.

western mountains, being so perfectly in the form of a lying camel.

Many strange legends and stories, many of them original like this one, have grown up around this strange and fascinating mountain.—JEAN M. CLARK, Ocatilla Troop, Phoenix, Arizona.

An Ambitious Turtle

No one knows how a clumsy, hard-shelled turtle could get into a tank, but he got in. Whether he went through the hose with the water, which is highly improbable, or whether he got into the tank at the factory, is not known.

We found him on a Sunday when the oil tank was emptied of the water that was used to test it for leaks. As soon as he was released from his novel aquarium, he found a secluded spot and went to sleep.

That afternoon, I made a little house for him, and he slept peacefully in it until the next morning, when he felt privileged to go in quest of an education. He started toward the school, which was a block away. By noon he was half way there, and some passing boys kindly gave him a lift, and placed him in the office.

That afternoon, our class was having a lesson in the room next to the office.

The recitation began as usual, when in walked Turtle for his lesson. Order was maintained with difficulty. I claimed him, and restored him to his box. He was soon comfortable again, but before long he began to show signs of restlessness. When school was out, much as I had grown attached to him, I

decided to disinherit him, and he, without stopping to thank his liberator, crawled away to freedom.—JANE MURDOCK, Lone Girl Scout, Kansas City, Missouri.

The Day Begged Me

The day begged me to come visit with her,

And so I came, with my hair flying. Around her was blown a purplish scarf Which she had spun herself From a robin's wing, a rainbow, and two buttercups.

And then, to get just the right degree of flimsiness, She had meshed in a wee bit of blue mist

That she had found napping on a western mountain.

Oh, she was the loveliest thing! We had tea together by a brook, And sipped and nibbled all sorts of fragrant, woody things.

Then, after we had fed the crumbs to a hungry rabbit,

She led me to a quiet, protected nook, And there in a tree cradle lay her baby— It was the dearest little downy bud!

I promised to be very careful, and tip-toe around,

So she let me touch it; I almost laughed for joy, it was so soft and warm,

And curled up! Would I like to see her picture-book? Indeed I would.

Truly, it was the prettiest picture-book I had ever seen;

A white road that fingered its way through the valley—

A line of sleeping mountains all slumped down—

A lonely buzzard arching the sky—

A field of dancing flowers that laughed,

"See me? See me?" "It is all very beautiful," I sighed to my hostess.

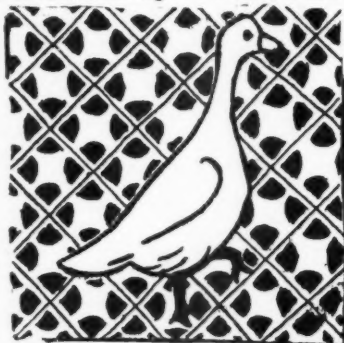
And because her lap was so warm,

And smelled so nice and earthy, I lay down and went to sleep.

I awoke, remembering that I had not seen her face;

Why—she was gone!

—MARY DOUGLAS, Troop Twenty-two, Baltimore, Maryland



"A duck for decoration," by Vera Seidenbecker, Troop Ninety, Chicago, Illinois

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vamp. See the illustration below for other special health and comfort features.

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Preserving Time is Here

(Continued from page 21)

There are other combinations, but I am giving you the most popular one:

Red Currant and Raspberry Jelly

- | | |
|----------------------|-------|
| 1 quart red currants | sugar |
| 1 pint raspberries | |

Wash the currants, pick over the raspberries, put them together in a saucepan and mash with a wooden spoon or potato masher. Cook slowly for twenty minutes and then put into a jelly bag and hang up to drain until all the juice is out. It is best to let this drain for several hours or over night. Do not squeeze the bag to get the juice out or it will make a "cloudy" jelly. Measure the juice and put it into a large saucepan, one that will hold four or five times the quantity of juice you are cooking. Add as many cups of sugar as you have juice and cook quickly until it jells. To determine the jelling point, dip a spoon into the mixture and lift it out. The liquid runs off the spoon. When two drops run together and cut off sharply from the edge of the spoon, the mixture has reached the jelling point. Pour into clean, hot glasses and proceed as in jams and conserves.

Blackberry Jelly

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 quart black-berries | juice of one lemon |
| ¼ cup water | sugar |

Clean the blackberries, put them in a saucepan with the water and cook for five minutes. Then strain as directed above, measure and put the juice in a saucepan with lemon juice, add an equal amount of sugar and cook until it jells.

Now for a marmalade, which is really a jelly with pieces of fruit in it. The most popular marmalade is that made from oranges and it is made in winter, but I am going to give you a recipe for one made from peaches.

Peach Marmalade

- | | |
|-----------|--------------|
| 3 oranges | 3 cups sugar |
| 9 peaches | |

Prepare the oranges as above. Dip the peaches in hot water. This is called blanching. Let them stand one minute and then dip in cold water. These two processes help to make the removing of the skin easier. Now peel the peaches and cut them up, add the sugar and the oranges and simmer for one and a quarter hours or until a pleasant light amber color. Then put into jars.

Melon Chips

- | | |
|---------|----------------------|
| 1 melon | sugar |
| 1 lemon | ½ ounce green ginger |

Cut the melon in quarters and remove the seeds, cut it in strips and remove the

peel. Put the peeled melon strips in a basin and cover with salt water, allowing one tablespoon to the quarter, and let stand over night. Prepare the lemon as for conserve and let soak over night also. In the morning, drain the melon and put in a saucepan, add the lemon, the water in which it soaked and enough more to cover the melon. Then add ginger sliced very thin. When the melon and lemon are clear and transparent, drain, weigh and put back in saucepan. Add one and one-half cups of sugar for each pound of fruit and put back the liquid that was drained off. Cook until thick to suit the taste. This recipe makes three jars.

To complete your collection, you may like to try a few relishes and pickles that are easy to make.

Cherry Olives

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1 quart cherries | ¾ cup vinegar |
| 1 tablespoon salt | |

Select perfect cherries with stems on, wash them and pick out any imperfect fruit, but do not remove the stems. Pack the cherries in jars. Mix the vinegar and salt until the salt is dissolved. Pour this into the jars with the cherries and fill to the top with cold water. Put on the rubber and top of the jar and clamp down. Invert two or three times in succeeding days. In about four weeks they will be ready to use. They make a delicious pickle and a most attractive garnish, and what could be easier to make?

Cherry Relish

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 quart sour cherries | ¾ cup vinegar sugar |
|-----------------------|---------------------|

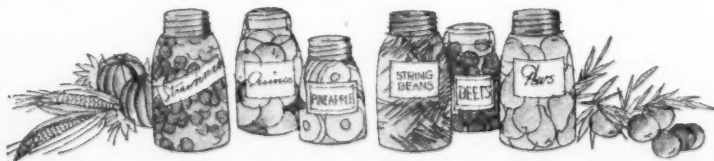
Clean and pit the cherries and put them into a bowl with the vinegar and a quart of water. Let them stand over night and in the morning drain and measure them and put them into a bowl with an equal amount of sugar. Again allow them to stand over night. Then pack in jars, seal and keep in a dark place. This recipe makes about a half pint of relish.

Pickled Blueberries

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 pound blue-berries | ½ cup sugar
½ cup vinegar |
|----------------------|------------------------------|

Clean the blueberries and add the sugar and vinegar. Toss lightly together and put into a crock or jar, cover, and let stand for several days, or until sour enough to suit the taste. These are excellent with meat.

When you have some of these good things stored on your pantry shelves, you will be surprised at how eagerly your friends will turn up for tea or Sunday evening suppers or just a "bite".



"Dot-Dot-Dash-Dot . . . Fire!"—the signal flashed danger for the whole hillside—

Croquet Comes Back Again

(Continued from page 11)

Just by doing this, you won't be able to accomplish spectacular feats, without acquiring skill at hitting. But you will be spared that feeling of utter astonishment that comes when you aim north-east and find your ball speeding due south. Other principles of the game, which sometimes even experienced players neglect, are (1) keep your own balls together, and separate those of your adversary; (2) keep the "guilty" or next-playing ball of your adversary wired as much as possible; (3) keep with you or your partner the "innocent" or last-playing ball of your adversary; (4) do not play for the "guilty" ball when, if you miss, you give him a better chance than he had before.

Of the various tricks shots, the "croquet" probably is the most useful. This may be made after your ball has hit another ball. For a "tight croquet", you place your foot on your own ball, which is struck to drive the other ball in any direction you choose. The "loose croquet" or split shot is more of an art. The foot is not placed on the ball, but the two balls are driven in different directions by one blow of the mallet. If this shot is done skilfully, a partner may be sent through the arch he wishes to pass or an enemy may be driven in a direction opposite from that in which he wishes to travel. The "jump shot" is not for beginners. This consists of striking a ball so as to make it jump over an obstacle between it and the object aimed at. Clever players can sometimes jump their ball right over an intervening wicket to make it hit another ball.

Two or more people may play croquet. If there is an odd number each plays for himself. But if there are four or six, the partners' game is more interesting, since it gives a chance for co-operation and a greater variety of shots. When only two are playing, they often prefer to manage two balls each and get the effect of a partners' game.

Team-work is vital to the four-handed game. To leave a partner's ball in line for an adversary, while advancing one's own ball, is more criminal to croquet fans than tramping a partner's ace is to the devotees of bridge. If a player has but a poor chance to make a run, which means scoring a number of points in one turn of play, it is his duty to play in the interests of his partner, either sending the partner's ball to a more advantageous position, or putting his own ball in a position where the partner may play from it.

The time for real strategy comes when a player is a rover. This, as you know, happens when he has gone through all the wickets, but has not yet hit the final stake. He is free to rove all over the court, and his efforts are directed to helping his partner finish the game. The rover who has sent his partner out finds that everything is indeed "at stake". And if he doesn't hit the stake in question soon, it's all up.

Tournaments are usually made up of four-handed games.

There ought not to be more than six players, if the games are to run off smoothly and be of the greatest interest to the gallery. The winning partners in each game compete in the finals. In a neighborhood or camp contest, several elimination matches are usually

needed. At least one moment in every conscientious tournament finds the contestants on their knees carefully leveling a ruler. For a ball is through an arch when a straight edge, laid across the two wires on the side from which the ball came, does not touch the ball. This accounts for the surveying.

Croquet makes an ideal family game, because people of all ages can compete on practically an equal footing. I have known families so crazy about the game that they turned the automobile headlights on the lawn and played at night. Another point—croquet promotes better sportsmanship in the family. As a test for good temper, it deserves to rank high. There is nothing to do but look pleasant when your ball is carried on an unwilling journey all around the court. Or when little brother comes back to the center wicket and knocks you out of a hard-earned position for the same wicket, going up, you just smile and congratulate him on his shot. He knows as well as you do that you'll get your innings later. And you know as well as he does, that you'll take advantage of them, too.

You'll be surprised how important to your happiness it will soon be that you hit this elusive ball properly. And after all, it's easier to hit than a golf ball, and you don't have to pick it out of the air as you do a tennis ball.

Yes, it's a capital sport. And (s-s-sh!), if, like me, you don't always feel violently athletic these warm days, play croquet and be in fashion. Nobody will know what a dub you might be with the mashie or the racquet. Some of those heroines of the eighties had the right idea!



To win a Land Animal Finder's merit badge, you must:

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Keds are durable, rubber-soled, canvas-topped shoes. Their cushiony outer-soles give you a sure, silent tread. Their special "Feltex" insoles keep your feet comfortably cool.

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Prices! Keds are priced from \$1 to \$4, and they give you more return for your money than any other rubber-soled shoe.

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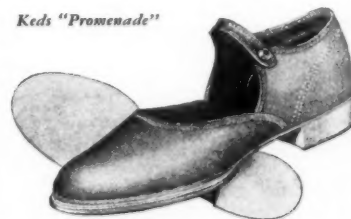
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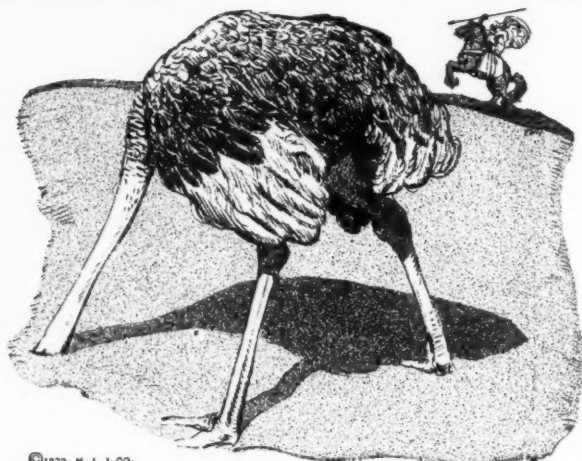


Keds "Champion Oxford" (BROWN)



But Edna helped to avert it in this thrilling story by Clarice Detzer

Cancer—Ostriches



©1929, H. L. S. CO.

THE old notion that ostriches have the habit of hiding their heads in the sand in time of danger has been disproved again and again. Nevertheless the expression "hiding his head in the sand like an ostrich" aptly describes the man who seeks to avoid danger by refusing to recognize it when it comes.

EACH year thousands of people die of cancer—needlessly—because they accept as true some of the mistaken beliefs about this disease.

No. 1—That every case of cancer is hopeless. It is not.

No. 2—That cancer should be concealed because it results from a blood taint and is disgraceful. It is not.

No. 3—That nature can conquer a malignant cancer unaided. It can not.

No. 4—That cancer can be cured with medicine, with a serum or with some secret procedure. It can not.

Many cancer patients are neglected or avoided because of the mistaken belief that cancer is contagious. It is not.

Be on Watch for First Signs of Cancer

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or swellings or sores that refuse to heal, or unusual discharges from any part of the body. Do not neglect any strange growth. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size.

If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other

part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

In its early stages, various kinds of cancer yield to skilful use of surgery, radium or x-rays. But the best doctors in the world are powerless unless their aid is sought in time.

Beware of Plausible Quacks

Because the nature and origin of cancer are largely shrouded in mystery, quacks and crooked institutions reap a cruel harvest. They prey upon the fear and ignorance of those who do not know the facts concerning cancer. They are often successful in making people believe that they have cancer when they have not. Later, with a great flourish, they boast of their "cures".

Gratefully the patients of the fakers, first thoroughly alarmed, later entirely reassured, are glad to sign testimonials with which new victims are trapped. Beware of those who advertise cancer cures.

An annual physical examination by your family physician, or the expert to whom he sends you, may be the means of detecting cancer in its early stages. Do not neglect it.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Address Booklet Department, 79-X, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

High Trails

(Continued from page 14)

canyon, made a way around and slid down to Rodney with a rope. It was in getting him down off the ledge that an accident happened."

"Not Will?" cried Julie, her face paling.

"Rodney. He was going down holding onto the rope that they'd made fast above. Somehow he lost his footing, swung against a sharp rock and fell. Landed at Father's feet with blood spouting out of an artery in his wrist."

As she stopped, Trudy spoke in a frightened sort of way. "What else, Peg?"

Margaret smiled at that. "I should say that was enough. Guess Father thought so! He fixed up a tourniquet in a hurry, while Will was getting down. Then, after a bit, the lineman who'd been with their party came up. They rigged a stretcher and got Rodney to High Peak. He's badly shaken up, Father says, and weak from loss of blood, and of course his wrist needs attention. They've got to have a doctor—" she turned with decision—"I'm going to Santa Anita to get one!"

"What!" they gasped. "Margaret, you're out of your head!" Julie exclaimed.

"The city's been cut off since yesterday. The line from Santa Anita is down just since morning, but they know there's a doctor there, up for a vacation week-end. They are working on the line and may get word through. But again, they may not, and Father daren't take the risk."

"But, why you?" Trudy asked tremulously. "The trail from here is awful. Why don't they send over from High Peak?"

"My dear, there's no one to send. There's not a man who's able that can leave. The ranger and the man who went with him aren't in yet, may not be for hours. The other lineman is needed on his job. Will is worn out, and Father doesn't dare leave Rodney. He says I can make it, but I must start at once."

"Fine!" Julie jumped to her feet blithely. "Of course you can make it and I'll make it with you!"

Margaret looked distressed. "Indeed, no, Julie!" she protested. "That would be foolish. It's six miles to Santa Anita, the weather's bad, and no one knows what the trail is like."

Julie's eyes were dancing. Here was a break in the boredom of the day—a chance for adventure, excitement, fun. "We'll all go. You, too, Trudy. I know that trail well—went over it last summer—made it in two hours, I think, and I didn't hurry at that."

"Last summer was another affair," Margaret said, frowning. "I have to go, but you don't, Julie. Why take an unnecessary risk?"

"I love risks!" Julie replied lightly. "Trudy dear, will you run up to the tent and get my heavy sweater? It's only two o'clock. Four whole hours before dark!"

Mary Ellen insists on being a sportswoman, and goes in for canoeing—

Trudy had stood between the two, in a state of suspended animation, her eyes traveling from one face to the other. "Oh Peg!" she now burst out in anguished tones. "You wouldn't leave me behind, would you? You wouldn't leave me here alone all night? I can hike as well as you and Julie. Oh Peg!"

"I certainly can't force Julie to stay here with you if she doesn't want to," Margaret replied. Under her calm surface she was in revolt, against Julie, against the situation she was forced into, against her own helplessness. She choked words back. How would they help? "No, I won't leave you here alone. I think you are quite equal to what Julie and I can do. Get two pairs of wool stockings, and one of Father's heavy shirts to put over your sweater—it'll shed water better."

"Oh, but it's not going to rain!" Julie cried confidently. With the enterprise on hand, she was all glee and sparkle. No wonder Trudy adored her when she was like that, thought Margaret. And she was a strongly built, athletic girl. There might well be little risk—if they could get to Santa Anita before darkness or storm overtook them. The skies were very heavy, however. She hurried preparations.

"Isn't she the splendedidest girl?" Trudy whispered to her sister in an interval in the kitchen while they were endeavoring to anticipate Cinnamon Pie's probable wants during their absence. "If her splendor holds out!" Margaret answered grimly, arranging the food and water pans.

Their cheeks were rosy from the cold damp air. After the listless hours of inactivity by the fire, Julie's spirits were exuberantly high. She and Trudy raced each other, made darts up the bank at the side of the trail. The path for a mile was reasonably good, although very muddy. The ferns were thick and verdant green; the bay leaves and spruce boughs smelled spicily good as they brushed past them. They did not mind the wet or chill, although the mist grew steadily thicker until the distant slopes were obscured and they seemed to be walking in an atmosphere of cold gray wool.

Margaret plodded steadily along, rather silent. She had been up at five that morning. She did not feel tired, but dull.

The first crossing was an easy one, over a high little bridge with a hand-rail which her father had built, but Margaret noted that the stream was racing with unexpected volume. Last week it had not been like this. Rains she had not known of, much higher up, must be responsible. They would soon be done with the easy familiar part of the trail. From now on, it would twist and curve, climb and dip, follow the stream, recede and return, as if unable to leave the water.

Margaret studied the banks carefully and the few boulders that stood out

of the water when they came to the next ford. The water was over the stepping stones, but it was possible, with care, to cross comparatively dry shod. She did not believe that it would again be possible—and it was not.

"But this is fun!" Julie cried recklessly, when they met the stream once more and the water sloshed tumultuously about her boots. "I was afraid the voyage would prove too tame!"

Margaret smiled at her gratefully. Julie was going to be a sport!

She felt a dash of something cold on her cheek, but said nothing.

"Look here!" Julie exclaimed a minute after. "It's raining!"

"N-no," said Trudy pluckily. "Not really." But soon there was no doubt. It drove into their faces, had a penetrating quality and a chill like sleet. Margaret could feel the wet loam stiffening under her feet. She expelled her breath and saw it form into a white cloud. Freezing. Julie and Trudy no longer ran ahead, but kept close to her.

There was the stream again. Again. Its roar held a mocking note. They had already crossed seven times—the normal

number of crossings for the whole distance—and they had gone a little more than half way. They were soaked to the knee. Their toes felt the water in their boots.

The eighth time it looked as if they could not get across at all without wading waist deep. And the water sounded ominous as it tore along on its reckless journey.

"We're fools," Julie told them, with absolute conviction in her tones. "Fools!"

Margaret pushed a big boulder from the edge into the water, exerted all her strength, rolled another and another, straightened up, panted, and took a keen survey.

"We can make it!" she assured them. They did, barely. Trudy slipped and almost went down. She was laughing shakily when Margaret pulled her up. Margaret had had to plunge in above her waist, but no one noticed.

Five minutes reprieve, straight walking, and then a curve. Beyond, the stream! A log spanned it here, and the brown current raced within two feet of its under-surface. The water looked to be well over their heads; the banks above and below were impassable. Flakes of snow had been mingling with the steady rain for some time. It had not seemed to matter, only now they realized how slippery it must make the surface of the log, and no friendly branch leaned from above to give a friendly hand-hold.

Julie covered her eyes, shuddering with cold and fright. "Oh, I can never, never go over that!" she wailed. "I'll get dizzy! I'll fall! Let's go back!"

"It's farther back than forward now," said Margaret, with one foot on the precarious span. She had no notion of

(Continued on page 42)



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"WHAT SHALL WE TAKE TO EAT?"

Picnics, hikes, motor trips, beach parties! But the really important question is—"What shall we take to eat?"

That's easy for the girl who knows the Heinz 57 Varieties and how delicious they are. For sandwiches there are Heinz Peanut Butter—creamy and full of the flavor of the fresh Spanish and Virginia Peanuts of which it's made; Sandwich Relish—tart and delicious, Apple Butter—made of choice ripe apples; sweetened and spiced just right; Heinz Fruit Preserves and Jellies—all flavors—made of pure fruit and sugar just the way mother does.

Then, there's Heinz *Oven-Baked Beans*—good hot or cold—for the more substantial lunches.

And, don't forget the trimmings! Heinz makes all sorts of delightful pickles—sweet, sour, big ones, little ones. And Heinz Spanish Olives—plain, ripe, or stuffed—are a welcome addition to any party.

57

H.J. HEINZ CO.-PITTSBURGH, PA.

Does it mean that rescuers go in for her? Read the August issue and see

(Continued from page 41)

going back. "Let's be thankful for the log. It's firm, and we couldn't cross without it. Let me take hold of your stick, Julie, and you follow."

"I can't—I can't!" screamed Julie, completely unnerved. "Oh, Margaret, why did you let us come? You knew what it would be like. I didn't!"

Trudy had stood by in troubled silence. Now a brilliant idea seized her. She pushed Margaret aside. "Watch!" Down she went, straddling the log, feet dangling in the water, then, inch by inch, with her hands in front of her, she hitched across. Julie was persuaded to hitch, too, with Margaret at her back, and Trudy at the other end, cheering her on. Finding herself actually across and unharmed, Julie fell to laughing hysterically. The seats of their knickerbockers, that one dry spot, were now thoroughly soaked. The log had been very wet.

They couldn't see the slopes at all, barely the path ten paces ahead. Julie stumbled and rolled down the path, adding leaf mold and mud to her costume. Margaret and Trudy brushed and comforted her. Aside from remarking once more with even more passionate conviction that they were *fools*, Julie said nothing, and they went on, consoled by being able to walk for fifteen minutes without finding the stream roaring at them like some demon. Then—there it was again! When they came up, they saw another log crossing. Hitch again!

One more, and then the last log crossing. After that, they had to wade, or roll boulders in for stepping stones. They were sopping wet to their waists, and thoroughly damp above that. Their hair straggled about their faces, their hands were numb from the icy water and bruised and abraded by the stones. In their exhaustion they stumbled often. It was growing very dark. The wind was rising, and the snow increasing.

And then, what Margaret had feared, happened. Trudy, too recklessly jumping over a deep pool from one high boulder to another, lost her footing and fell heavily, scraping a sharp rock, right into the bed of the stream. Margaret had a moment of horror in which she saw the rushing waters close over the child's head. Then she plunged from the bank straight down, snatched for Trudy, got hold of her, struggled against the current, dragged her up, stumbled and went down, Trudy in her arms. Up, up, again, indomitably, and somehow to the bank, where she sank down, incapable of one thing more.

She became conscious of Julie shrieking, and roused herself. Bending over Trudy, she examined her in agonized suspense, feeling her arms and legs, and pressing streams of water out of her clothes. There was a livid bruise above one temple and a thin streak of blood trickled down into her neck. But Margaret's heart beat again when Trudy's blue eyes opened and she looked up at her, confused, and then remembering. Another moment, and she sat up.

"Try to stand, dear," said Margaret. "Are you hurt anywhere?"

"She's all right!" Julie began to re-

High Trails

cover from her terror and chatter like a magpie as she capered around the other two.

"After all it was only a little spill," she went on. "You could walk if you wanted to, couldn't you?" Plainly Julie was on the thin rim of hysterics. Margaret's heart sank as she listened to Julie's high-pitched chatter:

"She must be all right. She's got to be. It's cold and we can't stay here. And I'd hate to leave her. You really are



all right, aren't you, Trudy dear?"

"Sure I am," Trudy asserted stoutly, winking the snow out of her eyes. "Sure." But she made no move to rise.

"Try to get up," Margaret urged again, her arm around her waist, her anxious eyes gazing first at Trudy and then into the gathering darkness.

Trudy's lips were bluish white and her teeth chattering. She tried to speak and could not. Margaret rubbed her violently. There wasn't a dry stitch on her, nor on herself. Julie was only slightly better off.

She said firmly: "Trudy, you've got to get up even if it hurts you. You've got to walk. That will make you warm."

Julie was crying tears of pity. "Oh, the poor little thing! Don't make her—don't! We'll carry her by turns, or in a chair. Come, chickadee!"

"She's got to walk," Margaret repeated, inexorably. "There's no other way. Come, Trudy!" She helped her up. "Thank Heaven, neither her ankles nor her knees are hurt. Her shoulder's bruised, I think, but nothing's broken. If she tries, she can walk. Come, Trude. Faster, now!"

Trudy tried valiantly to respond, but the tears ran down her face. She brushed them away, and gulped. "I'm so cold," she chattered. "It's only that I'm so cold, Peg!"

"I know," Margaret answered. "You'll be warmer soon. Faster, Trude. Come, you can do better than that!"

"I think you're perfectly cruel," Julie wept. "Oh, chickadee, I wish I had something warm to put around you!"

"Walking will make her warm," Margaret replied. "Girls, I think, I do think, we've crossed the stream for the last time. It's done its worst. We'll be climbing out of the canyon now. Take hold of my stick, Trude. I'll pull you along."

And so they went through snow and dark, up a slippery path that showed

a steady rise, at a pace that was half a run. Julie had more than she could do to keep up "I can't—I can't," she panted, sobbing. "Margaret, wait! I'm all in."

"Trudy is eleven years old," Margaret stated in a still, breathless sort of way. "And you are eighteen. She's had a bad tumble and been half drowned. If she can keep up, you can. And you're going to, Julie!"

It was nearly eight o'clock, and in the big lounging room of the lodge at Santa Anita Resort, a dozen guests were sitting in a half circle around the huge fireplace, enjoying the blaze and the congenial company, with the added sense of comfort which came from the knowledge that storm and darkness were safely barricaded without. The doctor was not among them. By the middle of the afternoon, telephone communication had been re-established. He had hurried off, and was at that moment undoubtedly with Rodney Haines.

A sudden cold draft from out-of-doors smote their backs. The door behind had opened. Astonished faces turned to see two big girls and one small one come staggering in, their clothes a sodden mass, plastered with snow, shoes muddy and dripping. Plainly, they had come a long way through the storm—had come for some urgent reason.

"Something warm and dry—quick—for Trudy," Margaret gasped, and collapsed on the floor.

Julie recovered first. She got into a makeshift rig of dry things, and filled herself with hot soup in the kitchen. A little later, after having done the same, Margaret and Trudy passed through the big room to say goodnight before seeking the longed for haven of bed. Julie was in the center of the fireside group, being made much of. Laughingly, lightly, in a dramatic manner, she was recounting the high spots of their adventure, dwelling with seeming reluctance on the hardship and exposure, not asking for admiration—indeed, deftly waving it to one side—but somehow giving a vivid picture of an extraordinary feat of strength and daring.

Margaret's eyes rested on her gravely for a moment. Deep under her fatigue welled thankfulness. They had come through. Trudy was all right. Rodney was all right. And Julie's lasting impression of this adventure would be pride in her own courageous spirit. Margaret was content to have it so. It might have ended differently—disastrously.

Julie came into the cabin they were to share before they were quite ready for bed. The color was back in her face, her eyes glowed and there was a reminiscent smile of gratification on her lips over the pleasant things that had been said to her. The hot little fire in the wood stove to undress by and the bed with its thick blankets looked inviting. She yawned and patted Trudy's cheek in high good humor. She wanted to give her pleasure.

"Well, chickadee, how you feeling now? Suppose you pop into my bed and cuddle down with me tonight?"

Trudy's mouth had never looked so stubborn nor so sweet. "I'm going to sleep with Peg," she said, without hesitation.

Lounging pajamas! What girl does not want to own them?—

HAPPY PEOPLE - - they invented *the pause that refreshes*



Calm, unburdened, careless, cool. Where do you find more happiness to the square inch than amongst people who have turned from fun or frolic to relax—rest—and refresh themselves? And what more universally popular member of the party than ice-cold, sparkling, delicious Coca-Cola with its cool after-sense of refreshment? . . . They all think alike about Coca-Cola. It makes the high point of the day. While you enjoy refreshment you are refreshed for enjoyment . . . Whether at play or at work, the happiest thought you can have is to take "time out" for Coca-Cola's quick refreshment. An all-day drink, pure as sunlight, that fits all times, all occasions, all moods with its wholesome, happy refreshment.



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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Helen Perry Curtis tells you how to make them in the next issue

●

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"I Am a Girl Who —"

(Continued from page 15)

play in town and asks me to come and share them with her. I ask you, how can I resist that? Anyway, hadn't we gone over the plans for the decorations again and again, the committee of us? I'm only one of the committee, I can be spared, probably won't even be missed.

But that night when I go in, the dance already on, what a disappointment! My own pet ideas for the decorations haven't been carried out at all. It might just as well have been a copy of last year's, as if we had no minds of our own. When I start in about it to some of the committee afterward—"What became of —?" and "Why wasn't —?" and so on, they come back with "Well, that was your idea, you know, and you were going to show us how to go about it—where were you, anyway?" And someone says, "I thought your committee was going to spill a potful of new stuff all over the place in decorations for this affair. Looks to me like much the same old thing," what can I say? I decide I'd rather have missed the matinee, but it's too late.

It's the same about invitations. As sure as there's a tea dance all arranged, I get an invitation to dinner at our best country inn, for which you have to start early; or else the dinner is "all set" and along comes a theatre party. "Well, why can't I go to both?" say I. "Oh, you can't, dear," from Mother, who is an awful stickler for form.

"Of course I can, Mother. We're not so fussy. I'll leave the one a little early and get to the other a little late."

And so I do. But it's like trying to sit on two chairs and only succeeding in falling between, and the impression you make is just about as awkward and unbecoming. Both hostesses are a bit angry, one because you break up her party, the other because you keep it waiting. I've been hot and bothered and all over prickly more than once in such a situation, until gradually it came to me, how much better to be comfortable at one party and give up the other altogether, than uncomfortable at both, just to be there.

But one doesn't live up to such sensible conclusions all at once. It's taken more than one embarrassment to reform me. One was at our sorority picnic last summer. I was to take the sandwiches, or most of them, because I like to make them. But that morning, just as I'd begun, I remembered that I had promised Dot Keyes, a girl who was visiting next door, that I'd show her how to make block prints. She was leaving for home that afternoon, so it was my last chance to show her. Over I went, hot-foot. But you can't explain it all in a minute; if you've ever made block prints, you know. By the time I had all the materials out and the thing started so she could go ahead on her own, quite a bit of time had gone by, but time never meant much to me. Still, the sad result of that was that when I joined the rest of the girls at our meeting place I had made them miss the car and it was a whole hour before another would

A new and becoming way to wear your hair—you've been looking for it—

come—and a hot, dusty, horrid place to wait, too. I was terribly sorry and explained and explained, but it didn't seem to make much impression.

"The trouble with you, Fran Barrows," one of the girls blurted out, "is, you never have a thought for anyone but the person you're with at the moment—the one who's waiting for you hasn't a chance." That wasn't quite true, for I had worried about the girls a lot, but didn't I have to keep my promise to Dot? Still, I reflected, Dot had been next door a whole week, long enough for me to have done block prints with her ten times over.

The other time that finished my cure was worse. It was the time of our mid-year play, one of the biggest events of the school year. I was in charge of the costuming, that is, I was chairman of the committee and had designed nearly all the costumes myself, for I love that sort of thing and had been tickled pink that I had been appointed to do it. Dress rehearsal was the night before the performance. But as circumstances worked out, the next day was our only holiday between semesters, and Muriel Hanna, one of my best friends, who lives in a

town near ours, was giving a dance and had asked some of us girls to spend the night with her, and next day she was having something doing nearly every hour. I wouldn't have to leave rehearsal until nearly eight and I thought surely everything would be all right by that time for me to slip away. But things don't always go so smoothly in reality as they do in your mind. By seven-thirty, not half the costumes and wigs and make-up were on the players, and our committee was working like mad. I did feel small when the time came and I said, as blithely as I could, "Well, girls, I'm sure everything will go all right without me. I hate to be going just now, but I must." I tried not to let them know I saw the dismay on the faces of those nearest me, and I edged out and away before they could explode. But Jim Lacey was waiting below for me, and Muriel was expecting me, so what could I do?

Don't think I had a completely unruffled night and day of it. I was so uneasy at moments that one or another would say, "What's eating you, Fran? You look torn 'twixt here and there." Which was the solemn truth. I could hardly wait to get back and still I was scared to.

When I finally did go back, the girls fell upon me in a body. "See here, you —!" and "Deserter, wait till you hear what we have to say!" "Do you know we've been working all day on these things, and not a bit of help from you!" "The Knight's togs are all wrong, and all the fairies' clothes had to be ripped open and re-fitted, and what in the world became of the Maid's train?" and so on and on. It was all we could do to get

things presentable for the first curtain rise, what with fifty things gone wrong and needing fixing all at once. The players got nervous and fidgety and— or so they said—didn't do their parts nearly so well because of the fuss and confusion in the dressing room before the play began.

The unhappy moral is this. I didn't have another chairmanship given me all year, though I was dying for some that I knew I could do as well as anybody in the school.

"But you're not dependable, never where you're needed when you're needed or ever on time," one of the boys was brutal (or perhaps brave) enough to tell me. That hurt, you can believe.

I was telling it all to Aunt Alice one day—she's such a good sport I can always be chummy with her—and it was she who gave me my good idea for curing myself.

"Budget your time, my dear," she said, "just as you budget your money." I've kept a budget on my allowance for a year or more—Dad showed me how. You know, so much for recreation; so much for dress accessories—I buy my

own extras, such as a new necklace, class ring, a scarf; so much for supplies, like writing paper and stamps and ice-cream (I'm never quite sure whether ice-cream should go under supplies or recreation, so I switch it around according to which column is lighter.) I can stick to my budget pretty well, and when I come out short I have to go without something. And that's what Aunt Alice meant about time.

"You don't expect a dollar to cover more than you know it will buy; why expect an afternoon or an evening to cover more than one event?" she said. "Decide on one thing and when you've decided consider the time already spent and that you're stealing if you take away from it for something else."

This is the best advice I have ever received. I hadn't realized, until it was pointed out to me, what a strain I had been on my friends' good feelings. And friendship is too valuable to risk by a fault so easy to mend. The girls were skeptical at first, about my boasted reform, and responsible committee jobs and chairmanships were slow in coming back to me. But they soon realized that I was serious and they helped me.

I've been clearer in my mind ever since. Now I try to plan my time just as I make out my budget in advance when I receive my allowance each week. It gives me a much better feeling than accepting everything as it comes and trusting to luck it'll come out right. No more mad scrambles and awkward moments such as I've been used to, any more than buying things I can't pay for. It's the same principle, and I hand out the idea for what it's worth to other girls like myself.



BETTY COMPTON in "Hold Everything"

Musical Shows find Lux doubles the life of stockings

GIRLS, here is good news about silk stockings!

You know how hard it is to keep them like new . . . now the New York musical shows, with hundreds of pairs of dancing stockings to care for, have found by actual tests, that—

"Stockings washed always in Lux give more than double wear, stay like new more than twice as long!"

The reason is simple. With richly cleansing Lux suds there is no harmful alkali, no rubbing to pull threads, weaken the stocking or to streak colors.

Give your stockings this safe, gentle care. Wash them frequently in Lux—keep them looking like new so much longer.



There are suggestions for you by Hazel Rawson Cades in the August issue

Alice Fiery Locks

(Continued from page 9)

her usually red face pale and drawn. "She wishes to speak with you, Alice," whispered Mistress Grant. "She has a service to ask you. A service which you alone can render to the King. She will curse my field and my crops, my cows and my house, if I do not let you go."

Alice supported herself against the wall, and so great was her emotion that she could not speak. Willingly would she give her life for the King, but to have dealings with a reputed witch required far more courage. If it were discovered that she had intrigued with Mother Jean, most likely she would be tried in court, and the Church also would put some terrible penance upon her.

"Nevertheless, I will go," she said faintly. "Now, at once—while my courage lasts."

"May God protect you, my child," whimpered Goody. "Put on your Sunday gown and walk proudly as befits the daughter of Colonel Lambard. If it is money she wants for the King's cause, Alice, I have plenty hid away."

Alice nodded, and walked rather unsteadily to her attic in the hay-loft. Having changed into her red and brown striped petticoat with the ample brown skirt turned up and pinned at the back, and her neat black silk apron tied round her slender waist, she pushed her bright hair into a plain linen cap, and went to the kitchen to show herself to Mistress Grant.

Goody approved of her appearance, and placed her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"If this be but a ruse to get you to her cottage and bewitch you, Alice," said Mistress Grant, "then I will denounce her in the court, and there shall be no rest for my body or soul till she is drowned in the pond. Forgive me for my evil temper, child, and take my rings to protect you."

But Alice would not wear the charmed rings. She did not feel that they could help her now. With a firm step she walked towards the steep road leading to the old town. Now and again she caught a glimpse of the grey sea rocking gently in the cool May sunshine, and she sighed.

"Deary me," she thought. "If Mother Jean asks me to do some dreadful thing which is against my conscience I will flee to America. Yes, I will go to that new land—surely some kind body will take me as a serving maid, and maybe in a great, new country there are no

witches, and even the curse of my red hair is unknown." She heaved a sigh.

It happened to be the dinner hour, and very few folk were abroad, for which Alice was thankful. It would have distressed her greatly to say that she was going to visit Mother Jean, which was quite a different matter from leaving butter and cheese at her door. The old woman lived in a cottage not far from

her simple requirements. It was said that she made immense fortunes selling charms and casting spells.

Alice thought that she had never beheld such an ugly old creature. From under the black cloth which bound her head gleamed a pair of steel blue eyes which held the girl's regard like a magnet, and round her chin grew a straggling gray witch beard. Numerous rusty garments were piled upon

her thin, bent person, and her hands were continually moving, as if clutching some invisible object.

"Take off your bonnet, Alice Fiery Locks," said the old witch suddenly.

Alice obeyed, and her bright hair, rough and curling in spite of the tight plaits in which it was braided, gleamed as red as the flames which leapt upon the hearth.

"Early yesterday morning, Master Thorn met you on his way to the market to buy sheep," smiled the old hag. "And how did he behave?"

"He turned back and went home," murmured Alice faintly.

"Why?"

"Because my hair is red, and 'tis unlucky to meet a maiden with red hair early in the morn."

"Of a truth it would bring disaster upon his enterprises for the day. But nevertheless, I saw him at the market. How was that, Alice Fiery Locks?"

"He returned home, then started forth again. Such action removed the curse from him."

"So you are not afraid to speak the truth concerning your red hair?" Mother Jean asked.

"Nay. The Lord has given me red hair, and 'tis the ignorance of men that has turned it to ill account."

"Who told you that?"

"Colonel Francombe. He is not afraid of it."

"For once your red hair shall be turned to good account in the service of the King. Hold this hank of wool in your hand, and I will hold the other end as a sign that what I am about to say to you is secret. Divulge it to any living soul and my curse is upon you."

Then Mother Jean gave Alice a tangled skein of many colored strands of wool which the girl grasped tightly, but her proud spirit rose, and she spoke with amazing resolution for so young a maid.

"For the King I will sacrifice all," she said. "But if you deceive me, Mother Jean, and turn my loyalty to shame, the curse will fall back upon your own head. Of that I feel quite certain."



A drawing of Juliette Low, made by herself at sixteen

The Juliette Low Prize Essay Contest

HAVE you sent your essay to the Juliette Low Prize Essay Contest? Remember that it closes on August thirty-first and, although that seems a long way off now, summer days have a habit of passing quickly. If you want to win one of the awards of \$20, \$10 or \$5, sit down now and write and mail your essay on "Why I should like to have known Juliette Low."

The contest, open to all readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, is divided into two groups—one includes girls over eighteen years of age and the other, girls under eighteen. The winning essay in the first group will bring a prize of \$20 and will be published in *The Girl Scout Leader* next fall, and the winning essay in the second group will bring a prize of \$10 and will appear in a fall issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Second prizes are \$10 in the first group, and two prizes of \$5 each in the second group.

You will find material on Mrs. Low's life in her recently published biography, called *Juliette Low and the Girl Scouts*, and articles about her have appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Or you may interview people who knew Mrs. Low.

The judges are: Mrs. Arthur Osgood Choate, Mrs. Frederick Edey, Mrs. Julius Barnes, Mrs. Louis Burlingham and Mrs. Wayne MacPherson. Remember, all entries must be mailed before midnight of August 31, 1929.

the church and as Alice tapped with her knuckles upon the worm-eaten door, her heart beat almost to suffocation.

"Come in," said an old cracked voice.

Never before had Alice seen the interior of Mother Jean's kitchen, and she was more frightened of the black raven which came hopping towards her than she had ever been of anything in her life. It was said that the raven was the witch's familiar, and through him she worked her evil spell.

"Sit down, Alice Lambard," croaked the old voice. "Alva, seat thyself upon my shoulder, and listen intently."

So Alice seated herself on the rough wooden stool and faced the old woman who was crouching over the wood fire, while the raven hopped to his mistress' shoulder and began chattering hoarsely. A swift glance round the kitchen showed Alice that it was in no way different from other kitchens, only very poor and bare—which fact surprised her, considering that Mother Jean paid well for all

The hostess who gives a luncheon thinks first of her table decorations—

"A just bargain," nodded the old woman. "Now listen. Behold, when I gazed in a pail of water striving to discern the dim future, I saw that the new Parliament in London has sent an invitation to the King asking him to return to his own, and across the sea there hurries a young man bearing an important letter which must be delivered to me immediately. But there is one obstacle between the young man and myself, and that obstacle is Master George Thorn. He is at the head of a secret and treasonous party, and, should he reach London before the young man who hurries hither to me, there will be much trouble. Master Thorn starts tomorrow at sunrise; a fleet horse is hidden in the woods, for like a fox he creeps out of his burrow secretly. You, Alice Lambard, must set yourself in his path and force him back each time he ventures forth. 'Twill be a fight between his faith in his cause, and the magic of your red hair. Release the hank! Now, go your way, for the bond is made between us."

Trembling and giddy with emotion, Alice rose and stumbled across the kitchen toward the door with the raven close upon her heels and pecking furiously at her thick worsted stockings. Quite unconsciously she had released the skein of wool when commanded to do so in that hoarse and croaking voice, therefore the contract was made between herself and the witch before she could discuss it in any manner.

Thankful to feel the salt air upon her face, the girl tied on her bonnet as she ran through Mother Jean's herb garden, and only when she reached the church did she halt, and try to think. By now the Winchelsea folk had finished their mid-day meal, and there was much bustle out of doors, and many people abroad.

"What ails you, Alice?" asked a woman who was driving sheep to the butcher. "You are as pale as snow at Christmas."

"'Tis only a spasm," murmured Alice. "I have tied my gown too tight at the waist."

"Vanity!" laughed the woman, and coming close to Alice she whispered in her ear: "There is news from London. They say the King is on his way home. 'Tis all about the place, but no man dares speak his thoughts openly for fear of his neighbor's opinion."

She passed quickly on, and as Alice went her way she perceived a new excitement in the faces of the people, and much whispering in quiet corners. Then her own heart began to bound under her thick gown, and the fire of enthusiasm burned up the fear that was within her, and she was glad. If her red hair was turned to account in the King's name then the Lord would forgive her for consorting with a witch, and she had done nothing wrong. She ran swiftly to Goody Grant's house, and entered the kitchen with a great flourish of her ample skirts, and her eyes eager with hope and pride.

"The impertinence!" cried Mistress Grant. "Flaunting yourself like a lady

(Continued on page 48)

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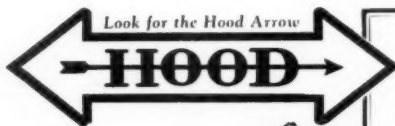
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Alice Fiery Locks

(Continued from page 47)

and me expecting you back all that humble, and maybe bewitched! Take that for keeping me trembling in my shoes these two hours!" and she gave Alice a clout on the side of her head. "What did the old hag say to you?"

"I can tell you nothing," answered the girl rubbing her ear. "There is a secret bond between us, and in the King's name, mistress, I beg you ask me no questions, nor hinder me in my comings and goings. I have a mission to accomplish."

Goody sat down heavily on the bench which was drawn up to the old oak table, and she said not a word. All the evening she followed Alice with her eyes, and for supper she gave the girl a large piece of butter with her bread. After she had eaten, Alice rose and went to her attic in the hayloft.

She did not sleep, but lay for hours on her mattress stuffed with sweet hay and fern, and gazed at the little square of sky visible through the small window. She dared not close her eyes for fear the dawn would break and find her slumbering, and at two o'clock in the morning she arose, dressed herself in her working garments, and crept out of the house.

When the young sun flooded the sky with pale streaks of lemon and rose, it revealed Alice's slender figure creeping along by Master Thorn's hawthorn hedge. In spite of the cold breeze whistling up from the sea the girl had pushed back her hood, and her fiery hair seemed strangely brilliant in the gray light of early dawn. Now and again Alice bent over a little root of dandelion growing in the hedge, and cutting it from its resting place with a quick movement of her sharp knife she pushed it into a sack which she trailed along the ground beside her.

Presently she heard stealthy footsteps approaching, and trying to appear unconcerned she lifted herself straight, and a violent exclamation caused her to look hastily round. Master George Thorn stood in the path a few yards before her, his face purple with rage, and his riding whip held at a threatening angle.

"I'll horsewhip you!" he shouted. "Thieving in my fields at this time in the morning!"

"Master, I was gathering dandelions to make a salad," murmured Alice.

"May they poison you!" he cried. "If I find you on my land again I'll have you ducked in the witch pond."

His long whip cut through the air, and the end flicked Alice's shoulder as she fled, but when she was in the public road she stopped, and peeped over the hedge. There was the crown of Master Thorn's high black hat moving rapidly back to his house! So great was Alice's relief that she laughed in spite of her anxiety, and swinging the sack over her shoulder, she proceeded a little way down the road, then recommenced her search for dandelions.

Having ascertained where Master Thorn's horse was waiting she knew that he must pass that way to reach the wood, but so long was he in coming that she began to lose heart, and almost suspected him of walking across the marshes to Rye to escape her. But Master Thorn was in too vital a hurry for that, and after the lapse of a long and weary hour Alice heard his footsteps on the road, and went boldly forward to meet him.

"You witch!" he shouted. "Get out of my path!"

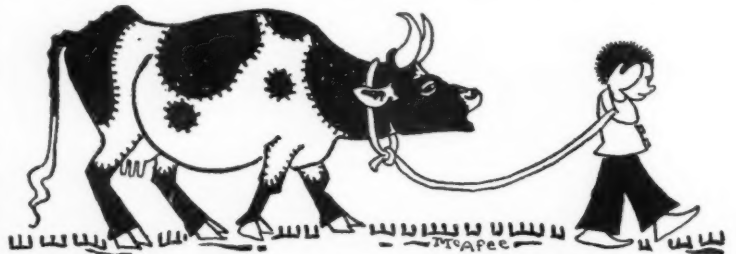
"Master, 'tis not my fault if my hair is red!" panted Alice, scrambling into the ditch, for she had no desire to encounter his whip at close quarters. "I have no power to harm you."

"You are an omen of ill luck and a curse upon the day's work!" he raged, coming toward her.

"So be it if your work is evil!" cried Alice. "I'll teach you not to rise so early in the morning."

She was thankful for her nimble feet, and darting through a gap in the hedge she showed him a clean pair of heels as he floundered after her across the field. Like some denizen of the air clad in the garments of earth did Alice flee, and the sack billowed out upon her shoulder, and the knife in her uplifted hand flashed streaks of silver. Master Thorn was a large, stout man, and very soon he was obliged to halt for lack of breath.

Once safely out of his reach and sight, Alice scanned the field from behind an oak tree, but it was impossible for her to see which way he had gone, so without losing any time she hurried to the wood where his horse was tethered, and there she lay hidden in the heather till noon. Both the horse and the lad guard-



TEACHER: Here is a sentence, class—The boy led the cow from the pasture—
Johnnie, what mood?
JOHNNIE: The cow did.

Summer has come and with it our fifty-cent "get-acquainted" offer—

ing it became exceedingly restless, but Alice did not stir till a new idea suddenly flashed into her mind. Suppose Master Thorn had borrowed a horse elsewhere, and was now on his way to London? In the twinkling of an eye the girl was on her feet, and racing towards Master Thorn's house. A horse was standing before the open door.

"Quick! I must see Master Thorn!" panted Alice, pushing her way past the serving maid who was waiting upon the step. "I have something important to say. Long live King Charles the Second!"

There, she had said it! The words rang out like a bell in Master Thorn's dim hall, and brought the inmates of his house scurrying together, and the Master, spurred and hatted, ready for a journey, staggered against the wall, his face pale with anxiety.

"Long live King Charles the Second!" cried Alice again. "God bless him!"

She thought she heard Master Thorn murmur, "Too late," but without waiting to explain her amazing conduct she darted madly away to tell Mother Jean what she had done. There was a sob in her throat and hot tears were in her eyes, but even if they threw her into prison she didn't care—she had said the words which had trembled on her tongue for many a long year. So confused were her thoughts that she did not notice anything unusual till she reached Winchelsea Church, and then she was astonished at the great crowd collected beyond the church yard and reaching up to Mother Jean's cottage.

"Long live the King!" shouted a deep voice, and the whole crowd took up the cry, and steeple-crowned hats were pitched into the air, and so great was the hubbub and the rejoicing that no onlooker could have believed that the King had ever had an enemy in Sussex.

Like a maid in a dream Alice pushed her way through the crowd, and then she thought that her very ears were deceiving her, for that deep voice was calling her by name.

"Is Mistress Alice Lambard here?"

Mistress Alice—the girl's head reeled.

"Aye," answered Alice. "I am here."

She looked toward the cottage door and beheld a tall old man, dressed in clothes such as the Roundheads never wore, and his steel blue eyes and gray beard told Alice that for ten years he had lived in that cottage in the guise of Mother Jean, the witch.

"Come hither, child," he said. "Many of us have lived strangely during our Sovereign's exile, but we have always served him. On the twenty-ninth of May the King returns, and one of his first acts will be to render to you your father's lands. I will tell him of the bond between us, Mistress Alice. Look! Surely you know the young man who just one hour ago brought this wonderful message to Winchelsea?"

Ah! There was no need for Alice to toss her head, and turn her back on young Geoffrey Francombe! He bowed low over her earth-stained hand, and did

not even notice her poor clothes, for his eyes were dazzled by the sweetness of her face and the glory of her beautiful uncovered hair.

"I judged you a traitor, Geoffrey," she murmured.

"So did many," he replied. "I obeyed General Holt"—and he bowed toward the tall man, "I have been with the King for two years."

"Do you forgive me, Mistress Alice, for the trick I played upon you?" asked the General. "You have saved me much anxiety by preventing Master Thorn from leaving, for now that the news is out he can do no harm. You must come to London with us to greet the King on his arrival. There will be greater rejoicing than

Old England has ever before known. Preparations are now under way, and England shall witness as gala a spectacle as has ever been seen in any Kingdom in the world! And you, Mistress Alice Lambard, are going to be close at hand when we welcome our King to his home again."

Alice looked up at the General with understanding and gratitude gleaming in her eyes.

"And me shuddering till me bones knocked one against the other thinking the child was witch cursed!" cried the furious voice of Goody Grant. "Between jubilating at the great news, and rejoicing to see Alice alive and in her right senses, I don't rightly know what I am saying. But if she goes to London, I come, too, even if I ride pillion behind the General himself!"

There was a hearty laugh, and so many people pressed forward to greet Geoffrey Francombe that Alice was separated from him, and Goody Grant pulled her by the sleeve.

"Shame upon you to let him see you looking like a beggar," she whispered. "Go put on your Sunday gown and wear it till I can buy you the attire that becomes a lady of quality. And remember, Mistress Alice, I am your serving woman, and you don't get rid of me in a hurry. Not though the King be on the throne and Master Geoffrey Francombe at your feet!"

"For shame, Goody, hush," whispered Alice, blushing scarlet. "We are friends, and I am so accustomed to your temper that methinks the world would be dull without it!"

"Ale to drink the King's health!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"Alice, drink with me in the loving cup," murmured Master Geoffrey.

He looked at her with shining eyes, and holding out to her the great tankard, waited with a smile for what he knew would happen.

The girl's lips just touched the bright silver rim, and so great was her joy that in spite of her fatigue and the emotions of that eventful day her voice rang out clearly as she passed the cup on to Goody Grant.

"Long live the King!" cried Alice Fiery Locks.



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Plenty of Time to Read

By JACQUELINE OVERTON

JULY, and plenty of time to read, time to discover new books and reread old favorites. Have you ever noticed that books read while one is on a vacation always seem to carry special associations with them?

Those of you who know and love Nantucket remember with particular pleasure Mrs. Snedecker's splendid story, *Downright Dencey*, published in 1927. On *The Beckoning Road* (Doubleday, Doran) you'll meet Dencey again, first in Nantucket and then with her family heading west for Indiana in a covered wagon to join Robert Owen's colony, called New Harmony.

Always a vivid person in spite of her rigid Quaker upbringing, Dencey lives to the full this first great experience of actually being out in the world. Even the dangers and sickness and infinite weariness of the long journey fail to quench her enthusiasm, and the New Harmony colony at first fulfills every expectation.

In New Harmony, Dencey meets people more fascinating and interesting than she had ever imagined people could be, for living and working in the colony were young men and women from England, Scotland, France and many other countries. Robert Owen believed in the joyful things of life, so there were books and pictures and music and dancing,

and Dencey reveled in every one, even the singing and dancing, though Quaker principles were hard to overcome. In the midst of all these novel experiences, Dencey's one grief is Jetsam. You remember him in *Downright Dencey*? Jetsam left Nantucket for a long whaling voyage before the Coffyns thought of New Harmony and before he left, Dencey promised to be waiting for him when he returned. Now her promise seems to be broken and Indiana is a long way from Nantucket. But Jetsam finds her even there; more than that, he comes into his own.

In describing New Harmony, Mrs. Snedecker is writing out of her own background and her own childhood. She was born in New Harmony and Robert Owen, the founder of the short-lived colony, was her great grandfather.

Swords of the Sea, by Agnes Danforth Hewes (Knopf), is a delightful romance of the Venice of the fourteenth century with its fleet of ships, plying to and from the Orient with all manner of merchandise and treasure, and incidentally, the deadly rival of Genoa.

A chance meeting in the market place one morning with a mysterious and beautiful young maiden carries young Andrea, a Venetian, to Damascus and beyond, involves him in plot and counterplot before he returns to Italy with

When you go to camp this summer, tell your councillor about "Why Milly Reformed"—

the fruits of his quest to receive his reward and the hand of the beautiful maiden. Like an Arabian Night tale the story reads in part, full of drama and color, with a feeling for the East that could only be given by one who knows that strange country. You get a vivid sense of what it meant to be a trader when Venice was in its hey-day. The intrigue among certain unscrupulous merchants, the dangers to the overland caravans, the life of the wild Bedouin tribes on the desert, the eagerness of the merchants to take back home some fortune-making novelty and the risks they would take to obtain the same. All this you get in a well written, well balanced story that suffers only from being poorly illustrated. Beyond the decorative frontispiece we could have wished the illustrations had been left out. It is the kind of story that makes its own pictures.

Will James has almost an uncanny way of "getting under the skin" of men and horses. He did it in *Smokey* and he's done it again in *Sand* (Scribner). Once more the background is the cow country and the pictures are his own.

Young Tilden, or "Spats", as the outfit nicknames him, seems a pretty weak and worthless lot when he stumbles into Ox-Yoke Round Up Camp. But there is good stuff in him and he proves it in almost an incredible way. (Will James says it's true because he knew him and the black horse and the girl in the story, too.) He stuck to the cow country and he won out and learned a heap in sticking. He learned that a well run outfit may seem casual enough but on better acquaintance you discover it depends on every "hand" putting his best into the job.

It's no place for spongers or "grub line riders" as they call them; that was one lesson Tilden learned. also that there was etiquette about the whole business. "First he was just a stranded stranger who needed help. That was fine and everybody done their best to help him get on his feet. He was also mighty welcome to the hospitality he was getting while recuperating and the riders overlooked his mistakes. Baldy even tolerated his riding with the horse wranglers, and he was sure no good there only to disturb the ponies from their needed rest while he done his practicing. But the minute he begin to act up, as such as trying to ride a bucking horse, was when Baldy decided that feller should get a hint as to range etiquette. By this time Tilden wasn't far from

being classed as a grub line rider. He should have been on the move long before or as soon as he could travel."

Then there were the cowboys: "He couldn't get the meaning of why a cowboy cursed when he missed a throw and his rope dropped in the mud and why that same cowboy should laugh when a few minutes later his horse bucked and fell in the mud with him. The first happening had only been sort of aggravating, while the second, even the more serious, had a twist in it that proved his being a "hand". Laughing when there's danger and hardship, laughing when there's danger of getting a leg or neck broke, the same as laughing when stinging sleet stiffens the muscles and makes laughing hard to do, that's all in the making of a "hand", a principle that every cowboy does his best to live up to.

"It's the cowboy's religion, and living up to it makes him a breed that's all his own—and the true cowboy, even though he knows of many other ways of living that are soft, will always be a cowboy. He won't care if his wages are low so long as the ponies are rough and the country is big."

The girl in the story is nice but not very convincing. Will James probably would rather write about ponies than girls. For the most part, he writes about what he knows and likes and writes in his own way and therein lies his success.

I hope you all get hold of a copy of Burges Johnson's *A Little Book of Necessary Nonsense* (Harper) some day this summer when you feel particularly foolish.

It is a rare small collection of verses and limericks written by really awfully serious people like Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith and Lewis Carroll and Edwin Lear when they felt in a foolish mood themselves. Of course, the Owl and the Pussy-Cat and the Jumbies are included and the Dinkey-Bird and the Walloping Window Blind and others you know by heart, but wait until you see them with Elizabeth MacKinstry's drawings!

Do boxes fascinate you? They do me; boxes big and little, and so I am interested in a new book that has just been published, called *The Box Book*, by Hazel F. Showalter (Macmillan). Your small brothers and sisters will like the chapters about Things that Go, On the Farm, Dolls, Furniture, etc., but the first part will appeal to you. There you will find all kinds of ideas for Christmas and birthdays or your own room. You have no idea what fun box making can be 'till you have tried it.

A Message

from

JACQUELINE OVERTON

Miss Jacqueline Overton, librarian and writer, has come to THE AMERICAN GIRL as book reviewer. She has this message for you:

"Ever since THE AMERICAN GIRL started I have been watching it with interest, glad to see it grow and note the increasing number of girls who look forward to its coming each month.

Now I am happy to have a share in its pages. I know how you have enjoyed Mrs. Becker's talks on books and I hope you are going to feel as free to ask me questions about your reading or to offer any suggestion that may help to keep the book column interesting and alive."



chapters about Things that Go, On the Farm, Dolls, Furniture, etc., but the first part will appeal to you. There you will find all kinds of ideas for Christmas and birthdays or your own room. You have no idea what fun box making can be 'till you have tried it.

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Ginghams for Sports

(Continued from page 28)

one-half inch for seam. Next stitch up underarm seams and shoulders about one-eighth of an inch from the edge, trim this off neatly, turn the dress the other side out and with your thumb nail, crease this seam together so that you may sew it up a second time on the wrong side, about a quarter of an inch from the edge. This will make a neat French seam with no raw edges showing. Next, baste in a four inch hem and slip the dress on again to see if it is the right length. If it is, hem it up by hand. This will make a neater finish than machine stitching, and is easier to change in case your dress shrinks or you grow. Now your dress is all finished except the neck and sleeve openings. If your dress is plaid, it is nice to finish these openings with a facing about an inch wide. Lay a piece of material on the right side of your dress, pin it on so that the design matches that of the dress itself, trim it out the same shape as the neck and stitch it all around, then turn it so that the facing will come on the wrong side of the dress, and either hem or stitch it down. Do the same thing with the sleeve openings, press the whole dress, giving particular attention to the pleats, buy a belt at the ten cent store and there you have a dress as crisp and smart and up-to-date as any you could buy anywhere, and all for a dollar.

Your friends will admire the looks and value of your dress if you make it carefully.

After you have successfully made the one-piece dress, of course you will want to try the two-piece one. For this you will need about a half yard more of material than for the other. It is all cut on the square like the other dress, the seams, hem, neck and armhole finishes are all the same. It is only in the cutting dimensions and in the finish about the middle of the dress that there is any difference. Measure two pieces of material twenty-one inches wide and thirty inches long, and two pieces twenty-five inches long and the full width of the material. Mark these measurements with pins or bastings as we did with the other dress, being sure that the design of the fabric is centered and that the neckline is in the right place. Then cut out, baste up and fit as we did the other dress. When it is right, stitch it up and face the neck and armholes. Turn up the hem of the blouse about two inches and finish by hand. Next sew up the two side seams of the skirt, matching the design carefully at the seams. As these two pieces are the full width of the material, they will be selvage, so that a French seam is not necessary. Lay in four three inch pleats in the front of the skirt, in such a way that the seam will form the back edge of the first pleat. Arrange the pleats so that the design looks well when they are all pinned together. Take your own hip measurement and then measure the width of your skirt with the pleats laid in. If the skirt is too

Their children had gone too far, so the parents revolted—

big, lay the pleats over a little more. If it is too small, let them out a little. All this can be done with pins. When it seems just right, baste the pleats down and slip the skirt on to see whether it fits nicely through the hips. If it does, stitch each pleat down six inches, make a one inch hem at the top and run in an elastic. Baste up a four inch hem at the bottom and try on, see if the skirt is just the right length. If it is, put in the hem by hand, buy yourself another belt at the ten cent store and there you have a second dress that will be the envy of all your friends and your own delight.

After you have made these two dresses, you will have confidence enough to try all kinds of experiments. You can pleat your skirt in a different way, make your neck a different shape, trim dresses with bias bands of the same material, add an interesting tie or belt. You may even be courageous enough to use more expensive material, say one of the lovely imported ginghams or a printed silk. If your dress is of silk, you may add a bow at the neck or shoulder and a sash made from the long strips of material left when you cut out your dress. If you glance through the fashion books,

you can get a lot of ideas for varying this simple pattern, and if you are larger or smaller than the diagrams shown, you can easily adjust them to your own measurement with the help of a few pins.

The models shown were cut from plaid and checked material, because it was so much fun to cut them on the square, but you could easily use the diagrams for plain or figured fabrics if you were very careful to cut them on the straight of the material. You can be sure of this by drawing threads in silk, or tearing cotton fabric. A dress of plain colored gingham trimmed with borders of bias tape in two or three colors is very smart, say a pale yellow gingham trimmed with bright red and blue tape, or a green one trimmed with yellow and blue. By making the neckline round and lower, and gathering the frontispiece in the one-piece dress instead of pleating it, you can make a soft and becoming evening dress. Use voile or silk and add a wide sash and a flower at the shoulder, and you will be the envy of all your friends. You have no idea how many things will pop into your head, once you have tried this delightfully simple pattern.



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JULY is a "play month" for girls. School fades into the far-away. Blue skies and golden leisure rule. Leisure to do just what one likes best—to add to one's charm and popularity—to picture the kind of girl one wants to be—

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Would you like to do this? You can. Why, Mary C. Hurst earned \$58.00 in a few weeks. A watch and pearls too.



MAYBE YOU WANT money for Girl Scout camp, like Rebecca McCarrell. Or to increase your popularity, like Mary E. Barbour, whose photograph you see above. They wrote:

"I'm so proud of my J. G. C. pin, my certificate, money, and prizes. I soon earned \$18.00 for Girl Scout Camp. And I bought a First Aid Kit, Films, Flashlight, Ties, a Scout Knife." Rebecca McCarrell.

"My Club money has helped me in social activities. When people know you are a supporter of athletics, concerts, etc., you are sure to be popular." Mary E. Barbour.

MAYBE YOU WANT our prizes for a party or picnic. Many girls do. Their parties are successful because all girls like the banjo uke for "harmony"; the crystal ball and magic set for fortune telling; the kodak to mirror one's good times in a memory book.

DO WRITE to me. Send your name, address, and age. Say: "Dear Manager: Please tell me about The Girls' Club." After that, as Mary Jones says: "Every minute seems an hour till you are really a member." There are no dues. Write TODAY to:

Manager of The Girls' Club
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1075 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Girl Scouts Are Camping from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 33)

live numerous birds—scarlet tanagers, cardinals, kingfishers, and many others. These birds are the answers to many questions on Bird Finder badge."

Robin Hood is back The Ithaca camp bails him

At Camp Anna Botsford Comstock, the Ithaca, New York, camp, Mary McFayden writes of lively times girls have there:

"The court of Honor decided to have a Robin Hood Day. Accordingly, at one of the campfires, a contest was held. A girl, wishing to represent a certain character on Robin Hood Day, told a story about that character. Finally, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Little John, King Richard, and the old sheriff of Nottingham, and others were chosen. The next morning each girl selected a part of a Robin Hood costume, a green jerkin or a felt cap to be worn throughout the day.

"At dinner, Robin Hood's merry men, instead of a camp of girls, invaded the dinner tables. That afternoon after swimming, a treasure hunt was held. Up a gorge, across a hill, down by another gorge, we scurried after the notes that directed us on our course. At last, very much out of breath, we arrived at Campfire Point for a beach supper, which was the treasure. We feasted on venison (wienies), nut-brown ale (milk), and ended with delicious ice cream. A play of various incidents of Robin's career was presented in the natural theatre in the gorge. We sang some of

the ballads that were, perhaps, the latest popular songs in the days of the Merry Men. We all felt better acquainted with Sherwood's gay inhabitants by bedtime, after we had lived for a day in the Robin Hood spirit."

Mythic creatures entertain Beaver and Trout camp on Lake Superior

Beulah Covell lives at the Split Rock Lighthouse, Minnesota, on the north shore of Lake Superior, and within a stone's throw of the great north woods. She writes:

"Our camping place was on an island near the Lighthouse, a massive rock formation that has risen out of the water. It has very little soil although it is covered with fir trees. There were only seven girls of the Beaver Troop able to join us, but another troop, coming as our guests, were the Rainbow Trout from Schroeder, Minnesota. We thought we would surprise them, so we had some weird wild animals such as the 'Wild Auger Handle', the 'Wild Teakettle', the 'Wild Snow-shoe', and the 'Snow Snake.'

"At nine o'clock we had taps and went to bed to be a feast for mosquitoes. We had a bed of boughs of evergreens and pine needles. What a sweet soft bed it was. We rose at six and had breakfast. Our fireplace, built of rock, was constructed by some campers that had been there before us. We were not able to take a dip because Lake Superior is too cold. We had our quarters all cleaned up in a short time.

(Continued on page 54)

Who was right in this modern story about the younger generation?—in August

A MESSAGE TO CAMPERS



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Girl Scouts Are Camping

(Continued from page 53)

"Miss Edgar, our leader, left Margaret Robinson and myself on the island, while the rest of the troop went for a hike to compose a pirate play which was to be performed the following evening. That night we had visitors at campfire. We sang, told stories and had a marsh-mallow roast.

"Next evening, when the pirate play was to be presented, the Lighthouse Tender *Amaranthe* anchored in the harbor near the island. We used this boat for a pirate ship, otherwise it would have been imaginary. The Gypsies had their play the following evening. One stormy day, we packed our lunch and hiked up to the Lighthouse for dinner, using one of the vacant houses for playing games and singing. During camp we composed a song entitled 'Far Down Below the Lighthouse' which I am giving you here, thinking you may wish to see how we caught the atmosphere of the place:

'Far down below the Lighthouse, the
Scouts are breaking camp,
Far down below the Lighthouse, the
Scouts are breaking camp,
The Gypsies take the road,
The Pirates launch their rakish craft,
Far down below the Lighthouse, the
Scouts are breaking camp.'

The Poetic Outlook

It may be found at Camp Andree

After Girl Scouts have camped in their own part of the country for a season or two, they like very much to come to Camp Andree, the national Girl Scout camp at Briarcliff Manor, New York, where they meet other girls from strange places, and learn many new methods of camping. Barbara Johnston of Port Leyden, New York, writes:

"Having been to Camp Andree last summer, I am very much interested in inducing other Girl Scouts to look into it when planning to go to camp, because I loved it so much when I was there. I first saw the Camp Andree advertisement in my *AMERICAN GIRL*, and when I went there, I found the ideal camp.

"Even the way our capers were arranged was fun. To be marketer one day, cook another day and K. P., even though this day was rather dreaded, was interesting and the work was done with a will. I was a member of the Gypsy Troop at Black Birch and loved it all. There were three other Girl Scouts in our tent, all of whom were good sports and ready for work or fun. The very surroundings at Andree made us have a feeling of enthusiasm. The hills were so fresh and green and peaceful—just made for long hikes.

"To me it was thrilling, in the gathering dusk, after campfire was over to sing our goodnight song and start up the path toward our tents with the frogs croaking and singing from the lake, and occasionally hearing the chirp of a sleepy little bird in the tree-tops."

"Carmella gets better and better with each issue" you write in your letters—

The Dowager of Peking

(Continued from page 31)

breaking waves, then lifted above them. The plane rose two or three hundred feet, described a half-circle, and headed due north, the aviator shaping his course by his luminous-dialed compass. Not a glimmer broke the pitchy gloom on all sides of them. They were lifted above the savage waters, but up here the storm raged too.

On they bored into the roaring wind. Speech was impossible. Head bowed, Beatrix stared forward. Minute after minute passed. She began to fear that the gas would not last. What if they had to descend before they reached land!

It already seemed as though they had been in the air for hours—certainly longer than that single gallon of gas would last.

Ahead, to the left, a dim blur, rapidly brightening. Beatrix almost shouted in her relief.

"Curlew Light!"

Then she remembered her voice could not be heard. She touched the airman's arm. He nodded, and swung the plane toward the beacon. A little further on the engine slowed down, stopped! Beatrix lived through a moment of utter terror. Her body was rigid with an uncontrollable fear.

As the roar died down, the flier spoke. "There goes our gas. Can we make it?"

They slid past the masonry tower and across the point. Ahead and below lay the harbor, buried in thick fog.

"Well, here we come!" said the pilot. "Hope we don't land on top of some mast or smokestack!"

Beatrix held her breath. Lower! Lower! They dodged an anchor light, just missed a boat, dropped with a splash into clear water, and surged ahead to a stop. The aviator gave a sigh of relief.

"That was a close shave!" His voice betrayed the strain just over.

A friendly motorboat towed them in to the Bahama landing float. It was almost eight when they disembarked. But the two passengers, for the moment, had forgotten time.

Three or four girls on the wharf gave cries of gladness and excited exclamations of relief.

"We were awfully anxious about you," said Leila. "And you've got the coat! How did you happen to come in that?"

She looked toward the hydroplane and her eyes widened. The aviator came up the landing steps.

"He brought us," said Beatrix, proudly, forgetting that only a short time before she had been terrified by his handling of the plane.

The girls stared. With a cry of delight Kathryn threw her arms around the young man's neck and kissed him.

"Malcolm! Where in the world did you drop from? We looked for you on the Boston train." Plainly, Kathryn was

very proud of this tall brother who had appeared so entirely unexpectedly.

"Had to make an unexpected trip," explained her brother, quietly edging out of her embrace.

"And you've shaved off your moustache! I hardly knew you." Kathryn continued teasing him.

She introduced him to the other girls. "Did you find your ring, Trix?" asked Leila.

Beatrix remembered her disappointment.

"No."

"Ring?" queried the aviator. "Is this it?"

He drew from his pocket a gold circlet, bearing a pearl. Beatrix gasped, hardly believing her own eyes. After this any miracle might be possible she thought.

"Where did you get it?"

"I came in to that island toward the end of the afternoon, almost out of gas," said Malcolm. "I landed and explored the boathouse, hoping to borrow some, but didn't find any. Going back to my plane, I almost stepped on the ring. Glad it's yours. I started for shore with what little gas I had left, but had to come down, and wind and tide drove me back. It was pretty

lucky for me that I found you when I did," he concluded.

Jeannette was the first to get back to realities. She picked up the box containing the Dowager coat and pried through the cardboard to where red satin gleamed.

The girls remembered "The Dowager of Peking", with something very like panic. For the first time, they all realized how close they had come to postponing the performance indefinitely.

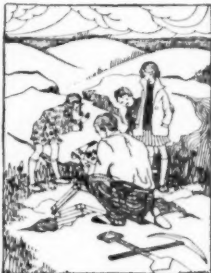
"Let's hurry up to the hall," proposed Kathryn. "We've a full house. San Si Toy has agreed to give a monologue in Chinese, so we won't have to begin the play until half past eight. That'll give us time to get ready." By the time they arrived, everyone was silently intent upon her part.

The operetta was a complete success. Beatrix, as Dowager in the wonderful embroidered coat, was the star of the evening. She could not help glancing occasionally toward the rear gallery, where sat a young man in a leather jacket. She could not help thinking that, but for him, the Dowager never would have appeared that evening.

At the close of the performance Leila Burbank came forward and took the audience into her confidence with a smile and a little speech.

"The Chilton Club takes pleasure in announcing that the proceeds of this entertainment will be presented to Miss San Si Toy to enable her to continue her course at Wellesley."

There was a final burst of applause for the "Dowager of Peking."



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Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 24)

Kid! Well, you asked questions, and you've answered them." Carmella's face registered bewilderment.

"Thought you were so bright you'd get that one. You said a contractor ought to expand, didn't you?"

"Ye-e-es!"

"Well, that's that! Your dad's on a big job. It's grown bigger since he took it. Is he expanding?"

"Isn't he? He's got more men and one more truck."

"Not enough! Not enough! He hasn't kept up with the job. His excavation work has been holding up masons and carpenters for two weeks. He needs two more trucks and a lot more men, and he needs 'em toot sweet, meaning pronto."

"But that takes money," said Carmella, earnestly.

Suddenly they were interrupted by the opening of the rear door of the sedan, as Mr. Barrington appeared.

"Dix on!" he shouted, "what does this mean?"

Carmella felt herself shriveling, trying to hide behind the seat, but Dixon turned casually to his employer.

"You know Carmella Coletta, Mr. Barrington. Her dad's your cellar man out at Greendale. Remember how she fought off the fake business agent one day?"

Mr. Barrington grunted. He had never quite forgiven himself for yielding to Carmella's hold-up on the price of her father's lots. But he had admired her beyond measure on the day of which Dixon spoke.

"Well," went on the chauffeur, "I saw her hurrying past here a few minutes ago and stopped her to find out if she couldn't hurry Tommaso and his gang. She didn't want to wait; said she was due home. I said I was sure you'd like to get her help and would let me drive her there."

Mr. Barrington was silent for a moment, as if digesting this novel idea of doing business through a school girl. Carmella needed the delay to adjust herself. She turned a glance of worshipping gratitude on Dixon. She had not known there were such men in the world—men who would brave their jobs to cover a foolish girl's folly.

"What do you know about your father's business?" Mr. Barrington asked.

"He's got a job on his hands," said Carmella.

"Then why's he falling down on it?"

"I know he ain't speeding up to match the Cronin crowd," she answered. "He hasn't got the men, nor the trucks."

"Then why don't he go and get 'em?"

"Did you advance him the money to?" asked Carmella, with surprising calmness.

Mr. Barrington thereupon lost his temper. "Did I what?" he roared, in tones that made the traffic officer turn.

"Did you advance the money?"

"What! Why should I?"

"Because," she said softly, "you're trying to speed him up beyond what you said when you hired him to break your strike out there. He broke it. Then you changed your plans. But you didn't help him to meet them. It takes money to expand a job."

"He's got money, if he's a real contractor," sputtered the promoter.

"Sure he had money—up to the size job it was when he took it. But it's a bigger job now, Mr. Barrington. Why don't you lend the money to him?"

The silence that followed was broken only by the soft hum of the motor.

"Take her home, Dixon, as you promised," said Mr. Barrington.

Presently Carmella turned with the instinct of sociability and said: "But you wanted me to talk about Dad and his men, didn't you?"

"Yes, yes, yes! What I want to know is would he put on more steam if he had the money?"

"You bet he would," Carmella answered easily. "He's going to be a big man some day. But he won't jump farther than he can land on his feet, my dad won't."

In the pause that followed, Carmella asked Dixon to stop around the corner from her house. Just as she was getting out Mr. Barrington asked: "Will you be there, out in Greendale, tomorrow morning, young lady?"

"Why should I?" asked Carmella.

"Because I say so! Because I want to talk turkey with your dad!"

Mr. Barrington shouted his answer, while Dixon, grinning, said out of the side of his mouth, "Try, Kid!"

"Thanks for the ride, Mr. Dixon," said Carmella, ignoring his employer as she darted toward the corner.

"Funny kid!" said Mr. Barrington. Tommaso came into the house presently, tired and silent as usual. Carmella greeted him with extra solicitude, but did not try to make him talk until after supper. Then she asked, "How's the work going, padre?"

"We are working," he replied.

"Listen, padre caro! Let me go with you tomorrow. Please?"

"You have your school."

"Ah, but padre carissimo, only this very day Mr. Carroll, the principal, said



When Jo Ann goes to camp this summer, join her in her fun with Tommy and the ghost—

I should learn to help my father. It is good to learn to do that, he said, and the school is only part of the learning. He said those very words to me, *padre*."

"Well," answered Tommaso, sleepily, "I shall see in the morning."

As Tommaso rose from the breakfast table next morning, Carmella dashed in and seized a cup of cocoa. He looked doubtfully at his daughter. "How about school?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm ahead of my class. And I told you last night that Mr. Carroll said that school was only a part."

"*Va bene!*" he said. "Come quickly."

At Greendale, Carmella was surprised at the progress made. She turned to the truck driver.

"Is this as far along as Elm Heights?"

"No, no, no!" he said quickly. "They have four trucks and twenty men digging. They'll beat us with the first houses to sell."

"What does that amount to?"

"What does it amount to? It amounts to that they will have the first sales, and that means the quickest growth. It means that their land will rise in price quicker than ours. It means that—*Santo Dio!*—it means that we are slow."

Presently Dixon swung into the plot, and Mr. Barrington emerged from the sedan.

"Hello, Kid Kate!" he exclaimed.

"Good morning! Thank you for the ride home last night. I forgot."

As they talked, Tommaso came slowly toward them. Slowly and doubtfully. He knew that all was not going well. For days he had been sick of the job. But the Colettas did not quit. He had it on his father's word, backed by the word of his grandfather, years ago, in Italy.

"Here you, Kid Kate," said Mr. Barrington. "You interpret. Ask him if he could do faster work if he had more men and trucks."

"Of course he could," answered the girl. "I won't ask him any such silly question."

"Oh, you won't! Well, ask him if he will get more men and trucks if I advance the money."

For the next half hour Carmella stood between the two men, translating their "ifs" and "ands" more or less to suit her own ideas. Finally, turning to her father, she explained:

"He says he will finance you, week by week, for two more trucks and up to twenty-five men. You could beat that union gang at Elm Heights with that, *padre*."

Tommaso thought a moment, and then said "Yes." Carmella could have wept for joy. Instead, she turned to Mr. Barrington: "My father says he will get trucks and men if you will pay him by the week instead of by the job. And then your land will sell better. Shall I tell him you say you will?"

Mr. Barrington nodded.

Carmella followed him to his car.

"Take her home," said the promoter, settling into the entire rear seat. Carmella slipped happily in beside Dixon.

"All right, Kid?" asked the latter, speaking from the side of his mouth.

(Continued on page 58)

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Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 57)

"Dandy!" she replied. "And—thank you—Mr. Dixon."

She glanced back and saw that the promoter was nodding, with closed eyes.

"Say, Mr. Dixon," she asked, "whose driver are you, his or hers?"

Dixon chuckled softly.

"The Mrs.," he said. "There's a squabble about that every day or so. He gets me only when she hasn't any heavy society stuff on. When she has, he uses taxis, believe me. He ought to have two cars, but he can't learn to drive himself." Carmella laughed quietly.

Even the big men of the world were ruled by their wives, she discovered.

As the sedan stopped in front of the cottage, Carmella turned. "Thank you for the ride in, Mr. Barrington."

Her mother eyed her doubtfully and said, "You must eat quickly, or you'll be late for afternoon school."

"I'm not going to school this afternoon. I'm going to celebrate."

"Have you finished your father's need of you?"

"For today, yes!"

"Then you shall go to school."

"I shall not," declared Carmella.

Then for minutes it happened that mother and daughter scolded each other, each talking a different language. Carmella's advantage lay in the fact that she could understand her mother's Italian, whereas Maria understood only a scattered word of Carmella's English.

But she understood the tone. It is a thing that happens every day in some home of foreign-born parents and their children. It is a tragedy that the world has not yet listed as such. Yet it is more poignant than any other.

Carmella spent the afternoon in a picture house with Nicole.

CHAPTER VIII

Language Means Something

Into Hope House, the community settlement, walked Maria Coletta, into

Miss Sargle's office, and there she said slowly, with deference, to Miss Sargle: "*Non parlo inglese*. To know—I—here."

"Yes, indeed!" said Miss Sargle, with a smile. "We can put you in a class next autumn."

This was in English, for Miss Sargle prided herself on not having to know the language of the country in whose suburbs she dwelt and worked. Maria understood the tone of postponement.

"That not right!" she cried, and found herself using strange words. "Learn—now—now—now!"

Miss Sargle was annoyed. This was out of routine, and anything out of routine annoys a professional good-will worker.

"You—" she began.

"*Madre di Carmella*," said Mrs. Coletta, calmly.

Miss Sargle suddenly decided to play safe—by passing the buck.

"Perhaps you should see Mrs. Barrington. She's here now."

Miss Sargle led the way to the office of Mrs. Barrington, now presiding over the welfare not only of the sewing class, but of the entire house.

"This is Mrs. Coletta, mother of Carmella Kid Kate," said the superintendent. "She wants to learn English."

"I know your daughter very well, Mrs. Coletta. A wonderful girl."

She was gracious. Briefly through her mind ran the taunt that she was "high hat". She tried desperately to be otherwise. Almost too desperately. Carmella would have sensed it instantly.

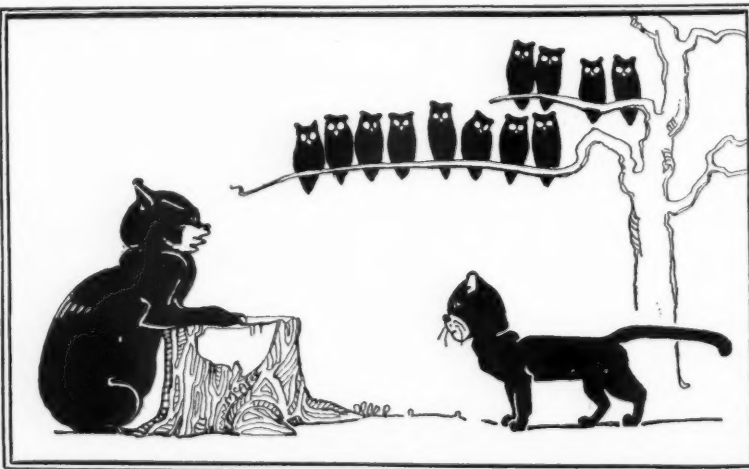
"Yes-s-s!" Maria answered slowly, resolved now or never to make the most of her few English words.

"Carmella—*si, signora*! Nice! Me—*inglese*—no spika—you show!"

"I'm sure we can find a class for you," said Mrs. Barrington, calmly oblivious of the fact that the waiting Italian woman had just said "no spika".

"Of course, we must wait a little while until we can organize a beginners!"

(Continued on page 60)



JUDGE: Not guilty. Case dismissed!

COALBLACK: Does that mean, Judge, I'll have to give back the chicken after all?

Ever since Nadine became the adopted sister to the Bert twins, she's been a happy girl—

You Can Make a Purse

(Continued from page 26)

Before attempting any article, it is advisable to practice on a small scrap of leather, for then you will be able to appreciate the difficulties and learn how to correct your mistakes. You will be surprised how quickly you will learn, however. And you will probably be so fascinated with the art of designing decorations and tooling them on the leather, that you will want to start making all sorts of things for yourself and for your friends.

When you have finished the tooling, the next step is punching the holes for lacing. First draw a light line one quarter of an inch from the edge of your purse all the way around except on the side which is to be turned up for the pocket. Using a No. 0 steel punch and a wooden mallet, punch holes in the middle of this space about one quarter of an inch apart. Someone once told me to leave just enough space between the holes for an extra hole without crowding, and I have found it an excellent rule. Practice on a scrap of leather until you can space the holes evenly. Leave a little wider space between the two holes on each side where the purse is to be folded.

Be sure not to punch your holes too close together. I repeat this because if you do, you may find that the leather tears—particularly if it is a soft and pliable leather such as suede. When this happens there is nothing you can do but begin again.

If you are using the leather in its natural color this is the time to stain it before the lacing is put in. For this purpose almost any good dye will be found satisfactory. Provide yourself with a few soft cloths, a small dish and a soft brush. Put a little of the dye in the dish and add a little water to make it the color you wish. Fill the brush with dye and apply over the surface of the leather as you would paint a sheet of paper, being careful not to let it dry or settle in any one place. Lay the brush down and rub the leather with a cotton cloth. When perfectly dry a second coat may be applied to darken the leather, or another color may be applied over the first, which often produces beautiful effects. Experiment with scraps of leather first so that you will be sure and get the color you want. Nothing is more annoying than to create a beautiful design, cut your pattern properly, punch your holes without an error, and then ruin the purse—or whatever you are making—at this stage of the game by careless dyeing.

Buttons in the natural color and dyed with the leather are much more beautiful than celluloid buttons and their cost is the same. When the leather and buttons are thoroughly dry, polish with a woolen cloth.

You are now ready for the lacing. It

can be secured for two cents a foot in all colors, and the one-sixteenth inch size is most useful for small articles. Measure the distance to be laced, double it, and cut the end to a point as it will then go through the holes much more easily. Begin at the lower left corner to lace, folding the leather just where you left the wide space between the holes. Thread the end of the lacing through the two holes, and draw it through, leaving about an inch. Turn this end back between the edges of the leather and leave the end on the inside of the purse. Go on threading the lacing through the holes, evenly and smoothly, drawing it just tight enough to look well and make

the purse firm. Finish like the beginning, pulling the end through tightly to the wrong side. If you have a button-setting tool, you will find the directions on the box and they are easy to follow, but you must be sure to mark the places carefully where the different parts belong, so your purse will be straight when finished. Put between papers and place under something heavy, and let it stay that way overnight.

There are so many things besides purses which may be made out of leather, I am quite sure you will never find a good stopping place when once you begin. Lanyards, belts, Peter Pan and Robin Hood hats, card cases, book covers, baggage tags, underarm bags, and even simple brief cases may be made by any girl who enjoys doing careful, accurate work. Perhaps some of you will send us a sample of your work, when you have had time to practice, for our exhibition at Girl Scout Headquarters in New York, and for sending about to different towns and cities to help other Girl Scouts learn about this interesting craft.

With the camp season in full swing and your time occupied with swimming and hiking and all sorts of out-of-door activities, it seems rather out of place to mention anything so remote and wintry as Christmas. But, it is coming and it might be a good idea to think of it in connection with your summer handicrafts. Leather articles make excellent gifts for different types of people. Father may like blotter corners, Mother, a purse or underarm bag, and an aunt would be delighted with a book cover.

Then, too, strangely enough, camp is a very appropriate place to learn leathercraft. For that remote Neolithic great-grandmother of yours who made fine garments of leather, was also a good camper—in fact her everyday living was much like your days in camp. So camp is an excellent place to learn leathercraft, for camp living provides many uses for leather articles—you may even make yourself a leather jacket!

Best wishes for success to you all.



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Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 58)

Carmella's mother broke in angrily. The words were nothing, but again that deadly, far-off tone which meant "wait".

"Me to spik Eenglish!" she shouted. "Spik Eenglish! You learn! Soon!"

Mrs. Barrington looked hurt. "Miss Sargle," she called to the fidgeting figure in the background, "will you please form an English class for Mrs. Coletta, immediately."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Barrington. I'll teach her myself." She beckoned to Mrs. Coletta, and the latter followed her into the superintendent's office.

Walking with a new sense of power, she, even she, the humble Maria, had conquered by adopting what she felt to be the spirit of America. For the first time since, timid and afraid, she had landed at Ellis Island, she felt the sense of triumph. So this was what America was—you got what you demanded, if you demanded loudly.

She sat down in Miss Sargle's office for her kindergarten lesson. And on the instant she resolved to tell Carmella no word of this adventure until—until—

Carmella, meanwhile, was busy. There were weeks when she attended school faithfully. There were weeks when she went as she chose.

One day she got her father's laborious signature on an excuse for absence. This she copied and recopied until she could sign his name almost better than he could himself.

This was useful, although Mr. Carroll, to whom all excuses were turned in by the teachers, inquired about them.

"But she does keep ahead of her class, in spite of her absence," Miss Silva answered.

"If she's doing that, all right," said the wise principal. "I hear the boys telling how her father is becoming a big man in Little Italy, and if she interprets for him, fine! Our job is to see that these kids learn America, before they learn arithmetic or anything else. It's funny how the parents won't learn the language they live in. Yet they get along all right."

"I hear her father has a fleet of trucks and hundreds of men working for him."

Carmella heard the same exaggerations in the school yard, and determined not to sail under false standards. "My dad," she declared, "hires his trucks and has only twenty-five men."

"Ye-ak! But he works for the Barrington man, don't he?" demanded one shrewd boy of fifteen, who in class never could tell whether Argentina was a place in Africa or the man who discovered the northwest passage, if any.

"Sure he does," said Carmella.

"Well, then!" said the boy, as if this was the last word.

Carmella answered nothing. It occurred to her that there were times when to tell the truth and let hearers disbelieve it was one of the higher forms of diplomacy.

One afternoon when Dixon was driving her in from Greendale where she had been called to translate, he said, "I've

a little time, Kid. Would you like a little ride?" And she smiled assent willingly.

"Where'd you like to go?"

"Anywhere in the world but Cedar Street. Drive me through the swell parts of the city, will you?"

For half an hour Dixon drove her through the newer and finer residential streets. He knew the names of the owners of most of the finer houses, and Carmella made him tell them all.

Then into the suburbs. Here, with fewer houses, their talk became more general. The movies, for instance, did Dixon like them? It seemed that he did.

"Don't you adore love stories?" she asked next.

"Not the silly ones," he said.

"There aren't any silly love stories—not if they're real ones."

Dixon laughed so brutally that she was offended. "There's only one actress I can stand in the love stuff," he finally explained, "and that's because I get such a laugh out of it, because I used to know her. It's Peggy Dorr. We used to go to school together in Iowa. She used to be the tag end of nothing with the boys."

Carmella was silent. At last she said, "Mr. Dixon, I know why Peggy Dorr's so popular now."

"Shoot!" said he.

"It's because when you and the other boys knew her you didn't like her. And she kept thinking about it, and wondering why not, and how she could make you like her. And she thought it out. That's why she's such a wonderful actress now. She thought it out."

Carmella sighed. "Say, Kid," he went on, "how'd you like to see a Peggy picture some evening, when I'm off? I promise not to laugh."

"Oh, I'd love to," the girl answered.

Carmella entered the house, hearing trouble inside as the door opened. Maria was scolding Giuseppe, while the boy sulked. Carmella tiptoed to where she could overhear. To a threat of physical punishment, she heard him exclaim, in English, "Aw, Dad's too tired to do any licking when he gets home."

For answer Maria seized him by the shoulder and marched him, slightly struggling, into the bedroom.

Listening intently, Carmella wondered. For years her mother had taken no part in such scenes, leaving the whippings to Tommaso. This was a new development, together with her apparent understanding of some of Giuseppe's English.

Twice that evening, after the younger children had gone to bed, Carmella spoke to her mother in English. But each time Maria told her to repeat in "the" language.

Carmella was mystified. Nor was this feeling lessened as she noted that her mother was developing a new poise.

Twice her father and mother, evidently by agreement, refused to allow her to go to the movies with Nicole. She met the latter one morning, as she was on her way to school.

"Say," he began, "what's the works?"

"It's past me, Nick," said Carmella, flushing. "Dad's got a grouch, I suppose."

"Aw, listen, I can get away tonight.

Are you with me?" It was a challenge.

As they rose from table that evening, Carmella said to her mother: "Can Giuseppe wash the dishes? Miss Silva says we've got to learn more history. I told Amelia I'd study it with her. She's just plain dumb." And before her mother could answer, she had gone. Down the street she met the waiting Nicole.

"So you made it this time," said he, more sneeringly than she liked.

It started the evening wrong. Through the two-hour show, Carmella was disgusted by the "western" that Nicole applauded so heartily. The society drama introduced only one setting and a frock or two that she felt added to her social knowledge.

Carmella suddenly realized that she was criticizing in terms of Dixon's point of view.

Her silence, as they walked home, led Nicole to ask:

"Getting high hat since your dad made his ten strike in the digging work?"

"Oh," said Carmella, quietly, "be yourself."

Instantly the boy was contrite. "You don't mean you don't like me any more?"

"Sure, I do, but you don't improve. Why, you've got all kinds of chances, Nick, and you don't improve," explained Carmella, patiently. "You don't try to. I bet I couldn't carry stuff into all the best houses and not learn a thing, like you don't."

Carmella said goodnight and heard nothing of Nicole for several days. Then, one night she was pretending to study her lessons on the kitchen table when the telephone rang. For a week she had been waiting for it.

She started for the instrument. But so, also, did Giuseppe, for the first time challenging her right to answer.

There was a scuffle as he reached the instrument a second ahead, but he held his ground. Still confident that the call must be for her, Carmella waited, until she heard: "Hello, Pete! Oh, that's all right. Huh? Naw, nobody killed. Just my kid sister throwing a fit."

He turned and grinned wickedly at his sister. Carmella would gladly have killed him. Slowly she walked back to the kitchen, where the family was sitting.

Presently she heard Giuseppe exclaim: "Zat so!—Gee whiz!—Nicole?—Sure I do!—What for?—Zat so! Uh-huh!—Well, s'long, Pete! Serves him right."

The boy swaggered back into the kitchen, grinning.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he asked.

"Know about what?" demanded Carmella. "What about Nicole?"

"He's been arrested," said her brother.

(What has happened so far in this story)

Tommaso Coletta, Carmella's father, has land to sell and she goes with him to interpret to the two agents who wish to buy it. She overhears their conversation and realizes that the land is worth twice what her father is asking for it. There is not time to explain to her

(Continued on page 62)

SCALPS!

Indians and savage tribes used to apply tar to their wounds. Tar is the most healing thing there is.



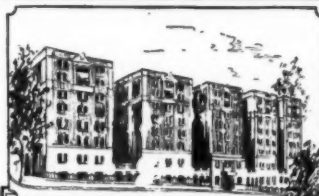
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MIDDY and

The illustration shows the official Girl Scout Middy, made of washable chambray in a cool green that blends nicely with bloomers or skirt of Girl Scout green cloth. It has long sleeves and a patch pocket, and the G. S. insignia is embroidered on the collar.

A-111

Sizes 10-42

\$1.75



BLOOMERS

The bloomers illustrated are to be worn with the Girl Scout Middy for official camp uniform. They are of washable Girl Scout green cloth, pleated into a belt which has an elastic insert at the back making a comfortable fit around the waist.

A-131

Sizes 10-44

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AND AS FOR CHILL BREEZES

A Zip-on Lumberjack will defeat them any day. The one illustrated is a sports blouse of dark green suede-like material, warm and practical for all out-of-door activity. The Zip-on fastener eliminates time, trouble and buttons. Trimmed with a knitted band and cuffs of attractive design and has two pockets with snap fasteners.

R-402

Sizes 8 to 14

16 " 38

\$7.40

\$8.75



—to say
nothing of rain

which we don't like to speak about but have to—nothing could be more practical than this Leather Sport Coat in rich dark green color for all out-of-door activity. It buttons up well around the throat and is lined with plaid flannel.

R-401

Sizes 8 to 14 \$12.75
16 " 42 14.25



GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City

Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 61)

father, so she does not translate to him correctly. The deal falls through.

Next day, she is asked to see Mrs. Barrington, patron of the Hope House Settlement, who asks her why the Italian women of the neighborhood do not wish to be helped. In an outburst, Carmella tells her that they do not want to be "smiled down" at. Mrs. Barrington is surprised but admires Carmella. She asks her to come to luncheon at the Barrington house on Saturday. Carmella remembers that this is the wife of the man who needs her father's land.

Carmella's mother is eager for her to wear her confirmation dress, but Carmella insists that in America one does not dress up for luncheon and she goes in her school clothes. Troubled by her lessening control over Carmella, Mrs. Coletta confides in the kind district nurse when she comes to see the baby. The nurse's advice is, "Sympathize with her, love her, and learn to speak English to her."

At luncheon Mr. Barrington talks real estate jovially and Carmella admits that her father is interested in lots at Greendale. He is surprised to find that she is the keynote in a situation that has been puzzling him. She tells him how she learned that her father's land is worth more than the price he asks. Through her he offers her father twice the original price asked for the land and arranges for Carmella and Tommaso to complete the sale.

The Barrington car calls for Carmella and her father next day and the transaction is made with the assistance of Dixon, the Barrington chauffeur. Home after an exciting morning, Carmella meets her friend, Nicole, and goes with him to a movie.

With the coming of vacation, Carmella, eager to help her father in business, has to wash dishes instead. One night, she asks to go to the movies with Nicole, and her father says she may go with him but not with Nicole. Carmella, in a rage, refuses to go at all. Thereafter, her father never mentions his business affairs to her.

A few days later, Dixon meets Tommaso on the street and tells him that Mr. Barrington's building in Greendale has been held up by a contractors' strike and advises Tommaso to bid for the contract. Tommaso gets a neighbor to interpret for him instead of asking Carmella, and gets the contract. Carmella is furious, but seeing that her father is disciplining her, she tries new tactics and asks him to take her to the movies. Pleasant relations are resumed and Carmella coaxes him to let her stay with him to interpret, but the day he starts the new job he leaves her at home.

On the lot, one day, a so-called building agent tries to make Tommaso stop work on some technical point but Dixon goes for Carmella.

Nicole's plight brings Carmella to some unexpected decisions next month. Then she suddenly finds Dixon needs her help, and she forgets her manners.



When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

TO you who are interested in stamps, probably the most important recent news is the announcement of our new Postmaster General, Walter F. Brown, inviting the public to make suggestions to the Post Office Department for a proposed new issue of postage stamps. He especially asks for suggestions as to what scenes from American history or from American life should be depicted on our stamps, and for new ideas for designs.

It would be very pleasant to have a new issue of stamps, which would present American scenes with some of the charm and precision of the George Rogers Clark Commemorative stamp, recently issued. This stamp also proves how much more popular bi-colored stamps are with the public than are our present one color varieties, and it is to be hoped that the Postmaster General will find the way clear to issuing more of them.

Scenes from American industry should be an especially fertile field for the designer of stamps. Probably most in this field has been done with the air-mail stamps which have depicted planes and signal towers. The stamps that are slightly larger than the ordinary two-cent size are frequently more attractive, and would probably be more adapted to such industrial scenes. There are a number of interesting stamps less frequently used than the one and two-cent stamps which also show American scenes of special significance. Such is the red twenty-cent stamp, showing a clipper ship coming through the Golden Gate, and also the fifteen-cent stamp, showing the Statue of Liberty. Another interesting and fairly seldom used stamp is the thirty-cent issue, upon which is shown a buffalo.

On June fifth, a new commemorative postage stamp was placed on sale at Menlo Park, New Jersey. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of the production of the first incandescent lamp invented by Thomas Alva Edison. The stamp is the same size as the ordinary two-cent stamp and is printed in red ink. The center design is a picture of the original lamp with rays issuing from it. Above and partly encircling the lamp, is a ribbon with the words "Edison's First Lamp"; above this and reaching the top of the

stamp, is a semi-circular panel with the words "United States Postage" in white Roman letters. In both upper corners, are ribbon scrolls with the year "1879" at the left and "1929" at the right. On either side of the lamp and through the rays of light, appears the legend: "Electric Light's Golden Jubilee." The white numeral "2", denoting the value, appears in both lower corners within dark circles, which are connected by a dark panel forming the base of the stamp and containing the word "cents" in white Roman letters.

Let us hope that we will have more stamps that will do justice to the industries of our country, for after all, our country has contributed a great deal more to the world through invention and industry than by means of war. The Post Office Department should be highly commended for this commemorative stamp. For readers who cannot procure it at their own post offices, the editor will send an unused copy for five cents, which includes return postage.

The special postage stamps issued by Great Britain to commemorate the holding in London of the Universal Postal Congress, are beginning to reach these shores. They are a little different from what we had expected but they are very attractive and interesting. The familiar profile of King George, as used on the stamps of most British Colonies, has been very neatly worked into an attractive border. This is particularly true of the one-half pence and two and one-half pence values. There are five different stamps in the issue: one-half, one, one and one-half, two and one-half pence, and one pound. The one pound stamp, as most collectors know, has a face value of four dollars and eighty-seven cents. The stamp editor will secure a set of these stamps for you, without the one pound value, for twenty cents. If you want the one pound stamp included the set will cost six dollars. All the stamps will, of course, be unused.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
What other hobbies and pursuits besides stamp-collecting would you like to have THE AMERICAN GIRL tell you about? Write and let us know about them. And if you have discovered a brand new hobby, we would like to hear about it, too.



All these good things and more you and your friends can get through our new summer offer



Dead Country Packet

Contains 18 all different countries which no longer issue stamps. Epirus, Ingmanland, Crete, Prussia, White Russia, Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland, former German Colonies and many others. This packet of stamps from obsolete countries for only 10c to approval applicants.

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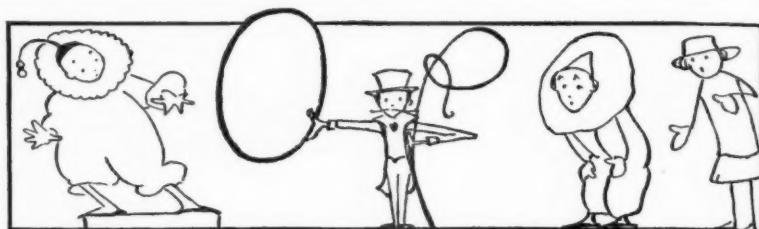
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Notice to New Subscribers!

When you send in your subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, be sure to send in your name and full address if you want the magazine to reach you.



Laugh and Grow Scout



Water Wings

SHE: Now do be careful, Horace. Here are your water wings.

YOUNGSTER (on hearing): Look, Ted, here's a bloke going to fly the Atlantic.—Sent by PHEBE MESSER, Tallahassee, Florida.

Modern Merchants

Mrs. New called at the green-grocer's to make a complaint about her purchases.

"I ordered a dozen oranges from you today," she said sharply, "and you only sent me eleven. Now, why did you do that?"

"Well, ma'am," explained the green-grocer, "one of the oranges was so bad that I took the liberty of throwing it away for you."—Sent by RUTH LINES, Riverside, California.

A Dark Secret

CONDUCTOR: How old is the little girl, Madam?

LITTLE GIRL: Mother, I'd rather pay the full fare and keep my age to myself.—Sent by GERTRUDE LELJEGREN, Chicago, Illinois.



Wise Enough

LOST BALLOONIST: Ahoy, where am I?
FARMER: Heh, heh, you can't fool me,

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

She Had to Know

One day an old lady got on the elevator in a large department store. She started to talk to the elevator boy and began by asking questions:

Don't you ever get tired going up and down in the elevator all day?

Yes ma'am.

Is it the motion of going up?

No ma'am.

The motion of going down?

No ma'am.

Opening that heavy door?

No ma'am.

Closing that heavy door?

No ma'am.

Well, what is it then?

Answering questions.—Sent by ELLEN SWANSON, Mount Vernon, Ohio.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

by gum. Yer right up there in that little basket . . . Come on, Bossie.—Sent by MARY BREWSTER, Brockton, Massachusetts.

Honest

"I have come all the way out here," said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful, picturesque sunset."

"Somebody's been kiddin' you, young lady," replied a native of the town, "it ain't mine."—Sent by VERONICA HAYDEN, Superior, Wisconsin.

What's In a Size!

SHOE SALESMAN: What size do you take, madam?

CUSTOMER: Well, five is my size, but five and a half is so comfortable that I wear six.—Sent by EVELYN WORLEY, St. Louis, Missouri.

"We're Acclimated!"



LADY (looking for a house): Your ad said that you were not bothered at all by mosquitoes. The place is just over-run with them!

GIRL SCOUT: Oh, we aren't bothered. We're used to them.—Sent by MARY LOUISE KELLY, State College, Pennsylvania.

A Different Tone

FIRST GIRL SCOUT (proudly pointing to her new possession): How do you like our new radio?

SECOND GIRL SCOUT: Turned off.—Sent by MARIAN COHEN, Washington, D. C.

Earn your camp equipment through "American Girl" premiums. Write for a list



WILL you look at us this month, grown to a whole page? So many girls in so many places have had something important to write and say to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* that we just had to let them have this much room in which to chat.

We will begin with Edith Swendloff of Buffalo, New York. She has had an uncanny way of asking for several things that are now in preparation for future issues of the magazine. Here are some of the things she has asked for:

"Could *THE AMERICAN GIRL* be made a little bigger—in thickness, I mean? As it only comes once a month, it ought to be longer. Most of the girls now are interested in aeronautics—if they aren't, they should be. Could Amelia Earhart write a series of articles about airplanes for our magazine? (We have had one article from her.) And perhaps Gertrude Ederle could tell us more about swimming, and Helen Wills about tennis? (We have had an article from Helen Wills, too.)

"The editorials you write are wonderful—about things we really think about, just as the *I Am A Girl Who*—stories solve our problems. I like the pictures with poems under them. Some of them are so beautiful and the pictures would look twice as nice in color. (This is one of our dearest dreams.)

"The articles are also peachy. I liked *That Terrible Practicing* and *A Modern Room for a Modern Girl*. Some of the things I would like to learn to do from our magazine are to make pajamas and aprons, and to bake cakes. (Next month pajamas, last month cookies.) Can we have a photographic contest?" (We are having one.)

CYNTHIA ROBINSON of Winchester, Massachusetts, has only recently joined *THE AMERICAN GIRL* readers. Here is what she admits to us: "The first year I subscribed to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* just to help our Girl Scout troop. An interesting title caught my eye (We'd love to know just *what* title.) and then I began to read, forgetting homework, practicing and all! Then I began to be impatient for the next *AMERICAN GIRL*. I liked the magazine so much better than any other that I changed, to take *THE AMERICAN GIRL* permanently."

MILDRED R. CROSSLEY of New Philadelphia, Ohio, writes us that

Well, of All Things!

she has enjoyed reading Marian King's article on tennis, and she continues: "Now, why couldn't you have someone write just such an article on baseball? I have read many articles on baseball, even a book written by Babe Ruth himself! About all they gave was advice. For once I would like to read an article on how to play the different positions and the principle of the game, and I'm sure I would enjoy reading it in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The articles are really human." (We did have a series on baseball for girls. Perhaps we will have some more, soon.)

WE ARE glad to know that Sylvia M. Ring of Alhambra, California, has liked *So You're Going to be a Freshman*. She writes about it: "At a critical moment in my planning and choosing a college, this article comes with its helpful suggestions. It is certainly giving me a lot of help! I feel, also, that there are dozens of girls just like myself who will be benefited."

ANOTHER one of these dozens of girls is Marjorie Leonard of Madison, Wisconsin, who writes: "I certainly admire *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and think that you have everything in it that any girl could possibly need. The series of articles on college is very interesting, and I am keeping it on file to help me select my college when I am ready for one. I am also much interested in *When Stamps Are Your Hobby*. I have a craze for collecting stamps, minerals, postcards, spoons, anything and everything imaginable. It is great fun. Do have some articles about other hobbies. I am interested in articles about camps as I am going to camp for the first time this summer—a very exciting prospect. I am sure that all the readers

would like suggestions on the type of camp to choose and what to expect there, on the order of *So You're Going to be a Freshman*. (Of course, we think Girl Scout camps are pretty fine.)

BEFORE we plunge too far into opinions of this and that, we would like to ask how you liked *Carmella*. She was so well liked by those who selected her for the magazine that we would like to know if she has measured up with her readers.

Mary Louise Freyermuth of Janesville, Wisconsin, writes us: "*Carmella* is surely fine, and what I have read of it I like so much. The article on Helen Hokinson was so good and I like the made-to-order stories. They are always about something in which I am interested. The article telling about things other Girl Scouts are doing has made me improve my own attitude towards Girl Scouting."

MARIE BORCHARDT of Chicago, Illinois, writes: "I like all the stories immensely, and especially the one about the collie dog, *Gay Deceiver*. I love all animals, but dogs are my favorite. Please, don't you think you could find a few authors who would write some more dog stories?"

FROM University, Mississippi, comes a note from Lucy Lott Hathorn, who writes: "I liked *The Surprise House* and I also liked *So That Is What Happened to Sally*. Give us some more stories by Ruth Sawyer. I love mysteries—short ones, so I won't have to wait. I think I am going to like *Carmella Commands* just fine. *Carmella* is around my age and, of course, that is interesting. Sad to say, most of your heroines are over fourteen. That leaves the Girl Scouts of ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen out. I think it would be fine if you would have some stories about girls of these ages.

"I love all the special pages, and please don't take any of them out. I like the *Scribes' Corner*, because there you can find out what other Girl Scouts are doing."

This page belongs to you. Whether it remains a page or goes back to a column depends on the number of letters you write. Remember, the writer of every letter that is printed here receives a book as an award.

"Red Coats and Blue", our next thrilling serial, begins in September

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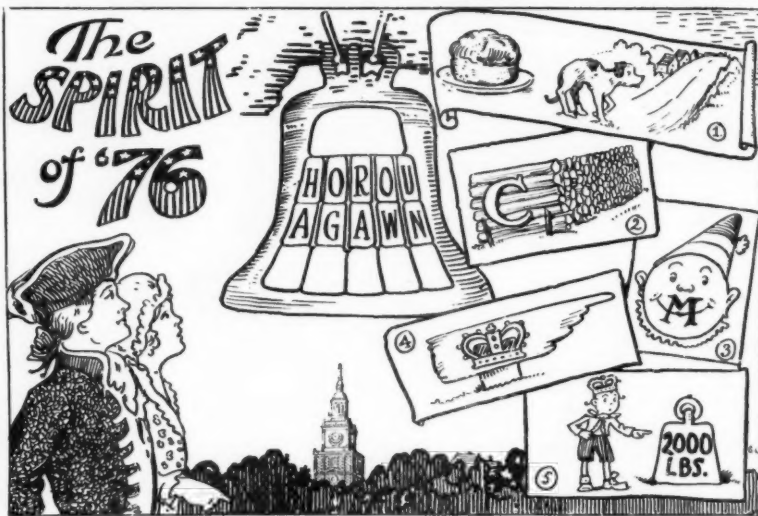
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OUR PUZZLE PACK



The Spirit of '76

We will now turn our thoughts to a patriotic theme and let the subject of our puzzle take us to the stirring days when our country fought for independence.

Here we see a Colonial lad and lassie working out a problem inscribed on the Liberty Bell which is in the form of an acrostic. The five lower spaces should be filled with letters spelling the name of a famous American general who fought in the Revolutionary War. In the single space on top, you should put a single letter, so that reading downward, you will form five four-letter words.

The rest of the puzzle picture is made up of five smaller pictures. Each one is a rebus and represents a noted battle of the Revolution.

Enigma

I am a famous motto of twenty-eight letters.

My 15, 5, 27, 17, 14, 13, 9, 28, 2, is thankfulness.

My 1, 23, 4, 22, 19, is part of a tree.

My 7, 12, 24, 13, 21, is to feel a longing.

My 3, 16, 8, 6, is footwear.

My 25, 10, 11, 20, is a long-eared animal.

My 26 is the fifth letter in the alphabet.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square.

1. A large box
2. Wit
3. Hard corundum in powdered form
4. Various kinds
5. A rendezvous

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change RING to BELL in eight moves.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What birds are found in drug stores?

Transposition

Fill in the blank spaces in the following sentence with the correct words using the same five letters each time in different arrangement.

"Using his knife to — one of the —, he — it very carefully although each year he — a good crop with plenty to —."

A Colonial Acrostic

Fill in the blank spaces in each of the following sentences with the proper five-letter word. The fourth letter in each of the thirteen words, arranged in the order of the sentences, will spell the name of one of the thirteen colonies.

1. They marched to the music of fifes and —.
2. "All men are created free and —."
3. Washington was — in the hearts of all.
4. Let this be our motto, "In God is our —."
5. We read on some early American flags, "Don't — on me."
6. The British began their — to Lexington.
7. Boston's streets were originally cow —.
8. Historic subjects inspire the patriotic Girl —.
9. Our forefathers fought for freedom's —.
10. The Colonists objected to unjust —.
11. "Give me liberty, or give me —."
12. The Boston Tea Party met at the Old — Church.
13. The surrender of Cornwallis marked the — of the war.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A SHAKESPEARE PUZZLE: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Titania.

AN ENIGMA: "And what is so rare as a day in June."

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

C R A M P
 R I D E R
 A D O R E
 M E R G E
 P R E E N

WORD JUMPING: Text, next, nest, best, beat, boat, boot, book.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: A step-father.

CURTAILED WORD: Boring, bripg, ring, rig, R. I.

AN ACROSTIC: Bank, yore, Rota, omit, news. BYRON, KEATS.

NECKTIE PUZZLE: Carpenter (carp enter).

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"Milly is simply incorrigible!" That's what everybody who meets her says. Perhaps you said so, too, when you met her in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* not so long ago.

Milly always does the wrong thing. That's how people remember her. She eats the wrong things, walks the wrong way, says the wrong things; in fact, everything with Milly is wrong. Only her name, Milly Wrong, is right about her.

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Milly becomes the star in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* stunt—"Why Milly Reformed"—a thrilling camp-fire entertainment to introduce



The Brownie unpacks the basket and takes out a lunch planned for her in "The American Girl"

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By giving this stunt, you not only help your camp in providing an evening's program, but you help your magazine introduce its special summer offer—five months for only fifty cents. It's a great bargain as you will know when you see the splendid features planned for you.

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